

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 844.—4 August, 1860.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

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STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY PATRICK SCOTT.

To every pang there comes relief,
 And rugged thoughts will softer grow,
 As music pours for listening grief
 Her harmony of woe—
 O joy! no touch of thine can greet
 The mourner with a sound so sweet.

So thou wilt sing in other lands,
 Where I am not, and may not be;
 And thoughtful wake with trembling hands
 The chords I strung for thee;
 And I will fancy that my heart
 Can hear thy voice, where'er thou art.

Farwell! unto that Eastern shore
 Will fav'ring winds to bear thee rise:
 And dreary waters passing o'er,
 Will take the tone of sighs;
 And cloudless suns will light thy years—
 But will not dry my fount of tears.

How often do our fates destroy
 The bliss that is imperfect yet;
 As if the soul but learnt from joy
 The lesson of regret!
 Loss draws its very life from gain,
 And pleasure sows the crop of pain!

Yet why lament, unthankful muse?
 Why give these bitter fancies scope?
 Ah! dear are memory's saddest hues
 Beyond the flush of hope:
 And sober-tinted thoughts are best
 When life is sinking in the west.

—*Constitutional Press Magazine.*

THE UPLAND PATH.

Wise men—or such as to the world seem wise,
 Picture old age the downhill path of Life,
 Dimmed by the vapors of a lower earth,
 Drawn from its stagnant waters. Nay, not so;
 But, rather, upward where the mountains stand
 Guarding the young green valleys, lies his way
 On whose broad front is set the crown of years.
 Silent, and filled with beauty, shall he go,
 As one who travels towards the source of
 streams,

And, pondering thoughtfully, comes unware
 On landlocked tarns, whose stilly waters keep
 The face of heaven in memory! Far below,
 The maddening rivers keep the seas in chase,
 Till the vexed ocean beats the curbing shore;
 And, striving still for mastery, the rough winds
 Grapple the yielding argosies. Not for him
 Sounds their wild roar amid his calm of skies.
 Save when, perchance, some shriek of human
 woe

Leaps to the clouds that roll beneath his feet,
 Touching the common nature in his heart,
 Unmoved he stands, and, in a trance of soul,

'Mid God-ward dreams, between the rifted peaks
 Beholds the face Divine. So, pressing on,
 Higher and higher still, and breathing still
 A clearer, purer air, he comes at length
 To earth's last foothold, and stands face to face
 With the great Change! Undaunted, undi-
 mayed,
 Though round him close the everlasting hills,
 And darkness falls upon him as a shroud,
 He casts his feeble frame on Nature's heart,
 That beats to his again; then, heavenward-
 bound,

Sets firm his foot upon the Path of Souls.

E. L. HERVEY.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE SPECTRE OF 1860.

Ten years since, empire, kingdom, constitution,
 Church, *noblesse bourgeoisie*, through Europe
 trembled

At the grim fiend cleft Red Revolution,
 Who still his forces underground assembled,
 Crowns, mitres, coronets, prepared to humble,
 And manner, laws, and arts in one wild ruin
 jumble,—

That in their place an edifice might grow,
 Squared by the socialistic line and level;
 Its planners, Robespierre, Mirabeau, and Co.—
 The head man in their "Co." being the
 Devil;

A Phalanstère, with a Procrustes' Press,
 For stretching small folks big and squeezing big
 folks less.

Ten years have passed, and monarchs still are
 shaking
 Upon their thrones; in court and church and
 mart,

Nobles, priests, citizens are still a-quaking;
 Still all is feverish doubt and shock and start;
 Still a red spectre looms outside the door;
 An earthquake still is pent beneath the heaving
 floor.

The *bonnet rouge* upon that spectre's brow
 Still shows, half hid by an imperial crown;
 It wears the *sansculotte's* foul rags, but now
 A purple robe conceals them, sweeping down;
 In the dark shadows of the Janus-face
 Anarch's and Despot's traits with kindred sneer
 embrace.

A match is in the velvet-gloved right hand,
 The down-bent head is listening tow'rds the
 ground,
 While from beneath where the veiled form holds
 stand

Comes faintly up the miners' muffled sound:
 And round the front of brass and feet of clay,
 In blood, with bayonets writ, runs—"L'Empire
 c'est la paix."

—*Punch.*

From The New York Evening Post.
JEROME BONAPARTE.

THE great age and physical infirmity of Jerome Bonaparte, and the recent accounts of his illness, have prepared the public for the announcement of his death, brought to us by the Parana. With him dies the last of the Bonapartes of the same generation as the great founder of the dynasty; and though inferior to the other brothers in most respects, none of them—excepting, of course, his illustrious brother—has been regarded with such interest by the people of this country. It is to his American marriage and his disgraceful practical denial of it that Jerome Bonaparte owes his notoriety (we know no better word) in the United States.

He was born at Ajaccio, Corsica, on the 15th of December, 1784, and, consequently, was seventy-six years old at the time of his death. He was fifteen years younger than Napoleon I., and when the latter had fairly entered on his career of military glory, young Jerome was at the school of Madame Campan, at Paris. He subsequently attended the college of Juilly, and when scarcely sixteen years old entered the navy. Napoleon in his schemes of aggrandizement made use of his entire family, and with the hope and ambition that Jerome would sustain his power on the sea he two years later raised him to the command of the corvette *L'Epervier*, and sent him to St. Domingo, to assist in quelling the insurrection headed by Touissant L'Ouverture. Jerome was sent back with despatches before the expedition ended. In 1802 Napoleon ordered Jerome to proceed to the southern coast of this country to cruise about for English vessels. France at that time being at war with England. In this enterprise the young naval commander appears to have shown more discretion than valor, for fearing to meet the enemy he retired to the port of New York. The fame of his brother ensured for him a warm reception, and he travelled southward, mingling in the best society of this city and Philadelphia. In Baltimore he became acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of that place, and after a short courtship was married to her on the 24th of December, Bishop Carroll officiating. The alliance created considerable talk at the time. Young Jerome, then but twenty years old, after remaining a year in this country, decided to return to France, and inform his brother personally of the marriage. He embarked with his bride in an American ship for Lisbon, whence he hastened to Paris, leaving Madame Bonaparte on the vessel.

Of course Napoleon had heard of the alli-

ance, was highly indignant, and his reception of his young brother was any thing but cordial. The emperor issued a decree annulling the marriage, though the pope, Pius VII., with conscientious heroism refused to allow a divorce, notwithstanding the threats of the angry Napoleon. There is no reason to believe that Jerome Bonaparte married Miss Patterson from other than motives of true affection, and he visited Paris expressly to win Napoleon's consent to the union, which he did not then think of breaking, but, unfortunately, his affection could not withstand other influences, and the young man consented to sacrifice his wife and the child to which in the mean while she had given birth in England, to the ambition of his brother. This he called "immolating himself on the altar of the Napoleon dynasty." Such was the influence Napoleon exercised over the members of the family, that at his demand, the husband deserted his bride and the father disowned his child. Jerome re-entered the navy and Madame Bonaparte returned to Baltimore. They never met again.

Over half a century has passed since that time, and both parties have lived utterly estranged, Jerome pursuing the career marked out for him by his ambitious brother, and his injured wife remaining in dignified retirement in her native city. She lives there still, surrounded by friends, her single hope and purpose the exaltation of her son to the rank which his blood, in her estimation, entitles him to. Her grandson, who graduated at West Point, and is now an officer in the French army, has never been willing to disgrace himself by impeaching the legality of his grandmother's marriage, though tempted in various ways to an extent which no ordinary fortitude could resist.

The father, on the other hand, never turned to look upon his injured wife again after deserting her, but regardless of every instinct of morality and manliness married again on the 12th of August, 1807, the Princess Frederica Catherina, daughter of the present king of Wurtemberg. He was soon after proclaimed king of Westphalia. He had, in the mean time, done the state some service on the sea, as ambassador to Algiers, and by capturing some English merchantmen in the West Indies, for which he was made an admiral, and decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He, however, disliked naval life, and after his accession to the throne of Westphalia, never ventured to sea again. His government of that kingdom, which comprised all the northern portion of the Prussian dominions, and embraced an area of nearly eight thousand square miles, was mild and liberal, rather

from the easy good-nature of the ruler than from any serious desire to increase the sum of human liberty.

When Napoleon undertook the expedition against Russia, Jerome was called to his aid, and took part in the battles of Mihilon and Smolensk. In 1814, at the abdication of the emperor, he retired, with his wife, to Austria; but on the return of Napoleon from Elba, returned to Paris. At Waterloo Jerome had the work of opening that great battle, and the disastrous result of the conflict sent him to live with his wife's relations, in Wurtemberg, but he soon left them for Austria.

The revolution of 1848 brought him into notice again; for, though he took no part in it or in the *coup d'état* of 1851, family pride induced Louis Napoleon to invite his uncle to his imperial court. Since that time Prince Jerome has lived at the Palais Royal. His children by his second wife are Prince Napoleon, born in 1823, who married the Princess Clotilde of Sardinia, and in case of the death of the prince imperial, is heir to the throne of France; and the Princess Mathilde, a lady now forty-one years old, and the divorced wife of Prince Demidoff. Another son, Jerome Napoleon, born in 1814, died at Florence in 1846.

The character of Jerome Napoleon presents no features of grandeur. He was the mere tool of his great brother, and owes what little space he may occupy in history wholly to accidental circumstances, which he did not improve to any great advantage. He was one of those many persons in prominent positions who would have been better and happier in some humble station, and his name will go down to posterity only as a satellite of Napoleon Bonaparte. Personally his manners were pleasant and affable, and there are still living many of our old citizens who well remember his visit to this country, and have met him in society or while travelling.

From The United States Gazette.

JEROME passed nearly a year in the United States, but the marriage displeased Napoleon, who ordered him back to France, and gave strict orders that Madame Jerome should not be permitted to land anywhere in the French dominions. Jerome landed at Lisbon, and made his way through Spain to Paris. He sent his wife round by sea to Holland, where she was not permitted to land. She then crossed over to England, and took up her abode at Camberwell, near London. There, on the 7th of July, 1805, she gave birth to a son, who was named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. Meanwhile, the emperor had caused the marriage to be

declared null, according to the laws of France; and he had solicited Pope Pius VII. to issue a bull annulling it. The pope refused to do this; on the contrary, he declared the marriage to be legal, to the intense annoyance of the emperor. Jerome was then sent to Algiers, to obtain the release of a number of Christian captives, two hundred and fifty of whom he brought back to Genoa. He was next sent in command of *Le Veteran* to his old cruising ground—the West Indies—where he captured six English merchantmen, but was forced to disgorge his prey by an English squadron, which chased him back to France, and caused him to run his vessel ashore on the coast of Brittany. He then returned to Paris, where he was made admiral, and decorated with the cordon of the Legion of Honor. He was also created a prince of the empire. He still corresponded with his wife, for whom he entertained sincere affection. But his naval career was at an end. His predilection for the army was so strong that, in the war with Austria, his brother gave him the command of a brigade of Hanoverians and Wirtembergers, at the head of which he blockaded Glogau, and reduced the fortresses of Silesia, for which service he was made general of division.

It was on Jerome's return from America, and on his journey through Spain, in March, 1805, that Madame Junot met with him. She gives the following description of the meeting:—

"We were about two days' journey beyond Truxillo, when one morning Junot approached the door of my carriage, and surprised me by announcing that he had just met Jerome Bonaparte. Jerome was one of those young men who do neither good nor harm in this world. He had been somewhat gay, but that was nothing to me, and I inherited from my mother a friendship towards him, which even his after conduct, however unfriendly, has not totally banished. I was therefore exceedingly happy to meet him, and the more so as I had an impression that he was unhappy—unhappy through a youthful attachment. I was then very young and rather romantic. Junot was equally pleased at the meeting, though he knew but little of Jerome; he had seen less of him than of any other member of the family. Jerome was but a boy when Junot formed almost a part of the family circle at Marseilles and Toulon; and my husband did not return from Egypt, nor escape from his imprisonment by the English, until the end of 1800. Jerome set out on his naval career soon after the army returned from Marengo; Junot, consequently, knew him only as a mere boy. We invited him to breakfast with us, and he accepted our invitation. I could not help remarking a wonderful alteration in his manners. He was sedate, nay, almost serious. His countenance, which used to have a gay and lively expression, had assumed a character of pensive

melancholy, which so transformed his whole appearance that I should hardly have recognized him. He spoke in glowing terms of the United States, of the customs and manners of the Americans. During the short time we sat at breakfast I formed a very favorable opinion of him.

"We walked with Jerome in the garden of the *posada*; and before parting, Junot, who conceived he might use freedom with him from the circumstance of my having known him when a boy, endeavored to dissuade him from resisting the emperor's wishes. But Jerome answered him, with noble firmness, that he considered himself bound by honor, and that, having obtained the consent of his mother and elder brother, he did not feel himself so very blamable for taking the step he had. 'My brother will hear me,' said he; 'he is kind, he is just. Even admitting that I have committed a fault in marrying Miss Patterson without his consent, is this the moment for inflicting punishment? And upon whose head will that punishment alight? Upon that of my poor, innocent wife! No, no; surely, my brother will not thus outrage the feelings of one of the most respectable families of the United States, and inflict at the same time a mortal wound upon a creature who is as amiable as she is beautiful!' He then showed us a fine miniature of Madame Jerome Bonaparte. The features were exquisitely beautiful, and a circumstance which immediately struck me, as well as Junot, was the resemblance they bore to those of the Princess Borghese. I remarked this to Jerome, who informed me that I was not the only person who had made the observation; that, in fact, he himself, and many Frenchmen who had been at Baltimore, had remarked the resemblance. I thought I could perceive in the face of Madame Jerome Bonaparte more animation than in the Princess Borghese. I whispered this to Junot, but he would by no means admit it; he had not got the better of his old impressions.

"Judge then," resumed Jerome, replacing the charming portrait in his bosom, 'judge whether I can abandon a being like her, especially when I can assure you that to a person so exquisitely beautiful is united every quality that can render a woman amiable. I only wish my brother would consent to see her—to hear her voice but for one single moment. I am convinced that her triumph would be as complete as that of the amiable Christine, whom the emperor at first repulsed, but at length liked as well as his other sisters-in-law. For myself, I am resolved not to yield the point. Strong in the justice of my cause, I will do nothing which hereafter my conscience may make me repent.' To this Junot made no reply. He had set out with an endeavor to prevail on Jerome to conform to the emperor's will; but, in the course of conversation, having learned the particulars of the case, and feeling interested for the young couple, he began to think, as he afterwards confessed to me, that he should be doing wrong in exhorting Jerome to a line of conduct which, in fact, would be highly dishonorable. At the expiration of two hours we took leave of Jerome and continued our journey."

Notwithstanding these sentiments, and his love for his wife, Jerome soon afterward yielded to his brother's wishes, and married the Princess Frederica Caroline of Wirtemberg. Of the first meeting between Jerome and his new bride, Madame Junot gives the following interesting particulars: the princess came to Paris, having been previously married to the prince by proxy, Marshal Bessieres acting in that capacity. She was sent to the house of Junot at Raincy, where Madame Junot did the honors of reception:

"We were all in the billiard-room, from whence we could see all that passed in the drawing-room, being separated from it only by a range of pillars, with statues in the intercolumniations. The prince was to enter by the music room. Already the rolling of the carriage wheels in the avenue was heard, when Madame Lallemand catching hold of my dress, exclaimed, 'Do you know it has just crossed my mind that the sight of me at this moment may make a singular impression upon the prince! I had better retire.' 'Why?' 'Because the last time he saw me was at Baltimore, with Miss Patterson, with whom I was very intimate. Do you not think that seeing me again, on such an occasion as the present, might recall a great deal that has passed?' 'Indeed I do!' I exclaimed, thrusting her into the adjoining room, for at this moment a noise in the hall announced the prince's arrival, and in a few seconds the door was opened, and Marshal Bessieres introduced him. The prince was accompanied by the officers of his household, among whom were Cardinal Maury, the Chief Almoner, and M. Alexander le Camus, who already possessed great influence over him, and who felt it advisable not to lose sight of him in a moment to which his advice had given rise, and which might prove important to his future fate. I do not believe that Jerome would ever have abandoned Miss Patterson if he had not been urged to it by counsels which he had not strength of mind enough to resist. The prince's attendants remained in the music-room during the interview.

"The saloon of Raincy seemed to be made expressly for the interview which was now to take place. The princess was seated near the chimney, though there was no fire. On the prince's entrance she rose, advanced two steps toward him, and made the compliment of reception with equal grace and dignity. Jerome bowed neither well nor ill: he seemed to be there because he had been told 'you must go there.' He approached the princess, who seemed at this moment to have recovered all her presence of mind, and all the calm dignity of the woman and the princess. After the exchange of a few words, she offered the prince the arm-chair which had been placed near her, and a conversation was opened upon the subject of her journey. It was short, and closed by Jerome's rising and saying, 'My brother is waiting for us: I will no longer deprive him of the pleasure of making acquaintance with the new sister I am about to give him!'

"The princess smiled, and accompanied the prince as far as the entrance of the music-room, whence he retired with his attendants. As soon as she had lost sight of him, the color in her cheeks increased so violently that I feared the bursting of a blood-vessel. She acknowledged indisposition; we gave her air and eau-de-Cologne; in a few minutes she recovered her self-possession. This fainting fit, though laid to the account of heat and fatigue, was certainly occasioned by the violent constraint the princess had for some hours put upon herself. The prejudices of a German princess against an unequal alliance, joined to the almost antipathy borne by every German to the name of Bonaparte, and, together with these ample causes, the knowledge of the previous marriage of the man to whom she was about to give her hand, were sufficient to overpower a more resolute person than the Princess Catherine of Wirtemberg; and, in truth, I considered it very natural not only that she should be indisposed, but sufficiently so to retard her departure from Raincy, and with it the ceremony, which might appear to her almost sacrilegious, but which was to set the seal upon her future destiny. I have heard the devotedness of the queen of Westphalia very highly eulogized, and, in fact, it is truly noble in her peculiar situation."

With all his regret for his lost American bride, however, Jerome lived happily with his second wife. He had an agreeable time at Hesse Cassel, the capital of his new kingdom of Westphalia, which had been created for him. He was now twenty-two years of age, and he speedily gained the good-will of his subjects. He made friends of the Jews, and by according full privileges to them, he found them ready to lend him money. He confided much of the administration of public affairs to them. But his subjects related horrible stories of him. They circulated a report that he was in the habit of taking baths of pure Bordeaux wine, and that when he had bathed, he had the wine drawn off into casks or bottles, and sold to the public. This report obtained so much credit, that for

a time not a single bottle of Bordeaux was drunk in Westphalia. We cannot say how much or how little truth there is in the story. But the jolly time was rudely broken in upon by grim-visaged war. Jerome was called upon to take part in the fatal Russian campaign, and he shared in the reverses of his illustrious brother. His kingdom was taken from him by the Medes and Persians of Europe, and he sought refuge in Paris. When that city surrendered to the allies, Jerome removed with his wife to Trieste, where he abode until the return of Napoleon from Elba. He immediately joined his brother and obtained the command of a division of the re-organized imperial army. He had the honor of commencing the attack upon the English position at Waterloo, and greatly distinguished himself on that memorable day (18th June, 1815). On the final downfall of Napoleon, Jerome retired to Wirtemberg, and lived in peaceful seclusion at the Castle of Elvangen; subsequently he resided at Vienna and at Trieste. Three children were born to him; viz.: Napoleon in 1814, who died young; Matilde, in 1819, and Napoleon in 1833. Matilde married Prince Anatole Demidoff, but was subsequently divorced from him. She presided at the imperial court of her cousin, Napoleon III, until his marriage with Eugénie de Montijo. Napoleon (Plou-plon) married the Princess Clotilda of Sardinia.

On the elevation of the present emperor of the French to supreme power, Jerome returned to Paris, and was declared heir-presumptive to the throne. He was allotted state apartments in the Palais Royal, with a handsome income, and appointed governor of the Hotel des Invalides. His resemblance to the great Bonaparte helped to revive the traditions of the first empire, and gave a *prestige* to the court of his nephew. But the man himself was a good-natured nonentity: *voilà tout*. He has died at a ripe old age.

G. P. R. JAMES' LAST EVENING IN AMERICA.—A correspondent of *The World* writes: The evening before he sailed from these shores, never to return, I spent with him at the Union Place Hotel. He was in a great flow of spirits. His plans for the remainder of his life were settled. He was going to Venice as consul-general for the Adriatic, a position worth some £3,000 per annum. In four years he would be entitled to his retiring pension, and then he would return to America and take up his residence perma-

nently in Philadelphia. Irving was with us, and when the two friends shook hands, it was with the expectation of meeting again at the expiration of this time. They have met at the end of the long journey sooner than either expected. James was relating to us, among other things, certain leave-taking occurrences, at Richmond, on his departure from that city. The mere mention of the cordiality shown him by the Virginians quite overpowered him, and in a choked voice he exclaimed, "They're a warm-hearted people—they're a warm-hearted people!"

From The Evening Post.

HO! FOR THE POLE!

Continued from No. 836.

It is more than possible that men of the present generation will see a great problem solved and the stars and stripes, or union-jack, floating from the North Pole. Whoever reaches that extreme point, however will find the remnants of a blue, white, and orange flag fluttering from it, if the winds of two centuries have not torn its bunting into shreds and blown them away. After a few introductory remarks as to the curiosities of arctic navigation, the following list of arctic voyagers and navigators will demonstrate that the idea of a polar sea, and the arrival at the pole, is not a visionary project, and that if not accomplished at this time it has been more than once nearly attained in former centuries.

It is by no means chimerical to assert that Pytheas, the great Grecian navigator of the fourth and third century B.C. (from Phocis by descent, of Marseilles by birth,) was the first arctic discoverer, for, by a comparison of his narrative with those of the earliest Scandinavian historians, as well as the records of modern cosmographers and navigators, it is satisfactorily shown that he discovered either Iceland or Greenland, or an island in the North Atlantic, which island was the Atlantis of the Greeks, the source of intellectual refinement and the cradle of the fabulous divine intelligences. There are many reasons to suppose that this Atlantis was the cultivated Greenland, colonized by the Scandinavians of the middle ages. One of the clearest proofs of this fact is the hypothesis that the name Greenland is not derived from the Danish or Scandinavian word *Græn*, Green, but rather from the Greek word *Grian* (pronounced *Grean*), signifying Apollo, or the sun in his full strength—the very term applied by the native Greenlanders to their country, as is attested by more than one writer on this interesting subject. Thus, the natives call their island, *Succanunga*, "Land of Succanuk, the sun in its warmest (their fishing) season," or the "Sunny Land;" and the Icelandic and Norwegian colonists may have confounded the "Land of *Grian*"—(the term applied to Greenland as well by the natives as by the enlightened Irish, who had, it is asserted, commercial relations in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries with the islands of the Northern Atlantic, since *Grian* signifies, in the Celtic dialect, "the strongest power of the sun,")—with their own *Græn* (pronounced alike) Land—Greenland—which is now altogether inapplicable to that locality. This *Grian* of the Celts is doubtless to be traced to the Phrygian-Greek

epithet *Grynæus*, applied by Æneas to Apollo, designating the "noonday sun," and was adopted into the language of the commercial Greeks of Marseilles in consequence of their intimate relations with the Phrygian and Phœnician mariners.

The second was the Norwegian discovery of Greenland, variously set down at the dates A.D. 770, or 835, or 982.

The third, the voyage of Nicholas and Anthony Zeni, who—according to one account—obtained a ship in Ireland, and sailed thence in 1380-'8. Steering to the north-west, they arrived at a populous and flourishing country in 58° north, between Iceland and Greenland, unknown to the English and continental Europeans, which they called West Friesland. It is delineated upon maps, engraved about 1700, as lying between 27° and 32° W. and 60° and 64° N. Frobisher is said to have touched at one of its ports in one of his voyages to Greenland in search of gold. The people of Britain and Ireland were represented in the Irish histories—(destroyed by order of Queen Elizabeth)—as trading thither in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries for the sake of its fisheries, when all at once, and shortly after its discovery, this extensive territory, with all its polished inhabitants, dwelling in a hundred towns, was swallowed up by the ocean. This period was peculiarly calamitous at the far north, and pestilence and famine, earthquakes and inundations, walked hand in hand, diffusing terror and destruction. As a proof that this is not mere conjecture or fable, Pennant assures us that "such was the fate of the nine isles of Goubeman which lay about four leagues from Sandaness between Petriford and Cape Nort (W. and N.W. of Iceland), all of which suddenly disappeared" while, at the very time when he wrote, a new island was forming by volcanic action, not far from Reickenes, an island off the S.W. extremity of Iceland.

We New Yorkers should bear in mind that long exemption from the horrible visitation of earthquakes does not prove that our district has never known them, or that it never will be rent by their convulsions. How very few even of reading men recall that in 1663, just two centuries since, there was a terrible earthquake in Canada, almost rivalling those which desolated the valley of the Mississippi, in 1811-'12, whose effects were experienced throughout New England and the New Netherlands, our own state! So says Charlevoix, in his remarks on the phenomena of 1662-'3.

Over this lost West Friesland, or sunken land of Buss, rolls in tempestuous weather a high and terrible sea, the terror of mariners, pouring its angry floods between Iceland and

Cape Farewell into the Greenland sea of the Dutch. "Does not this land of Buss, so sunken," demands O'Reilly, in his work on Greenland, "bear some probable reference to the old or lost Greenland, or the Atlantis of the Greek writers? It would not be easy to disprove this."

There is a rock, "above water," laid down in maps to the southwest of Iceland, which seems to rise as a melancholy memento of the former existence of the lost Buss Island, which is actually laid down *as visible from time to time to the extent of a league or more* upon a map published at Paris in 1750 and corrected from modern observations by the Danish Greenland Missions.

The vague descriptions and general application of the name Greenland render nothing more easy than to confound one arctic land with another. This name appears to have been applied to all the arctic archipelagos. Thus, modern Greenland west is styled New Greenland; modern Greenland east, Old or Lost Greenland; Spitzbergen was known as East Greenland, and the sunken West Friesland as Greenland proper; while East Spitzbergen, as if to ratify the acknowledged existence of another adjacent island of the same designation, is still laid down as East Friesland. This nomenclature has led to endless mistakes in regard to the claims and actual discoveries of modern navigators.

The fourth, Willoughby's, in 1553, who is supposed to have seen or discovered Spitzbergen. Those English who are not led astray by prejudice or desire to exalt the national credit by appropriating the honor belonging to the Dutch, are willing to admit that it is much more likely that Willoughby, who wintered and froze to death at Keger, in the port of Wardhuys, or not far from the harbor of Keger, at the mouth of the river Arzina, on the coast of Russian Lapland, saw land—the lost West Friesland, probably—in about the same latitude as the north-east passage he was in search of, than that he made land from 10° to 20° further to the north, entirely out of the line of his intended exploration. Nothing was found, on which to base an opinion of what he did discover "except certain short and imperfect notes which were taken off from his table after his death."

The fifth was Barentz, whom Charton, in his well-known work on ancient and modern navigators, published at Paris, in 1857 (vol. iv. pages 116-7), supposes to have circumnavigated the Spitzbergen archipelago, sailing northward to the east, about, and returning southward to the westward of it, an honor which is not distinctly claimed for him by the Dutch cosmographers. If Charton is correct in his course laid down upon the

chart prefixed to Barentz's voyages (taken from the original of Augustus Peterman in the Journal of the Royal Society), there is no clearer disproof of the hypothesis of a barrier of eternal ice, inasmuch as that barrier is always laid down as extending from the north-eastern coast of Nova Zembla to the northern extremity of Spitzbergen, and thence south-westwardly to Jan Mayen Island and the coast of Greenland. Consequently, Barentz must have crossed that barrier going and coming at two different points, and navigated for a week within it, actually making his way through the Spitzbergen group, a feat only once or twice performed since that period.

The belief in an open polar sea survived its firmest promulgator, Barentz, who died a martyr to his faith in its existence in 1597, and his consciousness of the navigableness of the arctic seas appears to have animated the great body of his coeval countrymen, for, within the next twenty years, we find the seas around Greenland and Spitzbergen alive with Dutch whalers, whose captains, as a general thing, reported much better weather in high northern latitudes than we find recorded in the narratives of our more recent arctic navigators.

For instance, Poole, who visited Spitzbergen in 1610, set down the air of Spitzbergen as milder than that of Bear Island, 2° further south, and even than that he had experienced at the same season off the North Cape, 4° still further southward. In fact, he records his astonishment at the warmth of the summer season at the extreme north, and it is admitted that if he had thought less of gain and more of science, he might have pushed on to the pole. Unfortunately, he was so successful in fishing, that he gave up all thoughts of discovery.

We now come to those voyages which the Hon. Daines Barrington considered sufficiently well authenticated to lay before the Royal Society, as reliable data to govern their deliberations in regard to an open polar sea.

In 1751, Captain McCallam sailed within a few minutes of 84° north; saw the sea open to the northward; met not a speck of ice between 81° and 84°; had temperate weather and a most pleasant navigation. He and his subordinate, Mr. James Watt, believed that if the mate of the ship had not been faint-hearted, they might have reached the pole.


In the early part of the eighteenth century the Dutch naval Captain (afterwards Admiral) Roggewein, while commanding a ship of war, superintending and protecting his nation's Greenland fisheries, penetrated as far as 68° north in warm weather, over a sea perfectly free of ice and waves rolling like those in the Bay of Biscay. His surgeon,

Dallie, pressed the captain to proceed, but the latter fearing reproof for having left his cruising ground so long would not risk a longer stay at the far north. Dallie believed he could have sailed on the pole without difficulty. This Roggewein afterwards penetrated to $62^{\circ} 1-2'$ south, and, while circumnavigating the globe, discovered on Easter-day, 1722, the islands called by him the Paassen (by the English the Easter) Islands. It would not be out of place here to state that a descendant of one of the first Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam, now New York, discovered while on a similar voyage, the group named after him the De Peyster Islands. This gentleman is still living, and is now president of the Relief Fire Insurance Company.

In or about 1665 a Dutch whaling captain produced his ship's log or journal, accurately kept, and swore he had been to $89^{\circ} 1-2'$ north and found an open, iceless sea.

In 1766, Captain Thomas Robinson reached $82^{\circ} 1-2'$ north, and found the sea so open that he might at least have sailed on to 83° . In 1773, the same ship-master attained $81^{\circ} 1-2'$ north in pursuit of whales, and saw the sea open to the west and east-north-east as far as he could distinguish from the mast-head.

Captains Cheyne and Thew, about this date, reached in two instances $82^{\circ} 1-2'$ north.

According to Gueudeville's *Atlas Historique Mapped-Monde*, volume one a still greater honor than Roggewein's adventure is credited to the Hollanders. He places a  at the intersection of the 80° north and 140° east, with the remark, "the Dutch penetrated thus far in 1670." This is an almost miraculous achievement, and must have carried the Dutch ship-master 35° eastward of the north-east cape, on to the meridian of the Liakhov Islands, north of Central Eastern Siberia. In corroboration of this, a map of the northern hemisphere, published at Berlin, Prussia, under the direction of the Academy of Sciences and Belles-Lettres, depicts a ship at the pole, to indicate the Dutch had attained that point.

Hon. Daines Barrington nobly admits that it is very probable that the Dutch had accomplished further and more satisfactory explorations than the English at a time when the most intrepid attempts were made to reach the arctic pole.

Wood and Goulden, English ship-masters, likewise Mr. Grey, mention that two Dutch ships sailed about the middle of the seventeenth century, 1675, in an open, iceless sea to 89° north; that another Dutchman attained the same latitude, and that still another reached $89^{\circ} 1-2'$ north, to within

thirty miles of the North Pole. Goulden related his story to King Charles II. as an incontestible exploit, and at this time the Dutch wore without question, the crown of having sailed over an open sea to the North Pole. This is not more wonderful than that no one has ever penetrated so far to the north-west as Davis, who bored up the straits called after him to 83° north. Moreover, one of these captains came to London, and laid his statement before members of the English Northern Company, who were perfectly satisfied with the truth of it. And at that time it was generally believed that around the pole the sea was open and the summer weather moderate.

Moxon, hydrographer to Charles II., a cordial hater of the Dutch, and author of several scientific treatises, published as a conceded fact that a Dutch ship had been up to, had passed, and had gone on in another hemisphere two degrees beyond the arctic pole.

The article "Thermometer" in Miller's "Gardiner's Dictionary" (about 1700), states as a fact that one Captain Johnson, on a voyage to Spitzbergen, carried a thermometer to 88° north and regulated it there. A Captain Monson is credited by the celebrated Buffon as having gone as far, i.e., 88° north, and traversed an open, iceless sea.

In Vaugondy's *Arctic Polar Chart*, published in 1774, which is corroborated by an English work published at London in 1769, the spot is indicated in 82° north attained by Captain Alexander Cluny, where he saw neither land nor ice.

These facts are borne witness to by many other masters of Dutch and English whale-ships, who testified that from two hundred to one hundred and fifty years ago they had filled up many ships with the oil of whales captured from 2° to 6° north of Spitzbergen, and that they had pursued them with success over iceless, landless, rolling seas, between 81° and 86° north.

Having laid before the readers of the *Evening Post* many reasons for believing in an open, iceless, landless polar sea, I will mention a few other instances of its having been navigated, and further reasons for a belief in its existence, and then, in a last communication, present my views of the best method of attaining the pole.

James Hutton, employed for nearly forty years of the eighteenth century in the whale fishery, averred that he visited several times, during that period, the Seven Islands—in, say, 82° or 83° north—and the Waygatt, Weighgatt, or Hindelopen Straits, running south from them through the Spitzbergen group. He reports that in some years the

sea was perfectly clear of ice, while at other times it set in with a rapidity which almost precluded escape.

Now, if it were all ice beyond Spitzbergen to the north, how could fields of ice be detached and driven southwardly with such rapidity? Pennant, in his "Arctic Zoölogy" (LXXXIV), mentions that it is well known that, while the coasts of Siberia are often rendered inaccessible to ships by the polar ice, driven upon them by a northern tempest, a strong southern wind will so entirely force it off again as to make the shores of the frozen ocean as clear as the equatorial seas. Do not these facts present the clearest proof that the polar sea cannot be entirely ice-bound, for, if it were even comparatively so, how could the ice be driven to and fro with such rapidity as to cover the whole visible expanse with impenetrable fields and bergs to-day, and afford hundreds of square miles of unimpeded navigation on the morrow? Is it not the height of folly to imagine that such could be the case, and is it not just as reasonable to declare the ocean impassable because one or two expeditions have been driven back to port by a storm, as to believe in the stereotyped error that the polar sea is unnavigable on account of ice, because one or two attempts to explore it to the north of Spitzbergen, met, in certain latitudes, with an accidental, impenetrable barrier of ice?

We have seen that Barentz, while frozen in upon the coast of Nova Zembla, heard the outside ice which beset him broken up with a most horrible noise by an impetuous sea from the north, which confirms the invariable tradition of the Samoyedes, Tartars, and Russians—who inhabit the shores of Western Siberia, beyond the straits of Weighgatt (vulgarly Waygatt) or Nassau (Dutch), Karsky (Russian), between Vaigalch and Nova Zembla—that the sea is open to the north of the latter island throughout the year. Some of the Russians who first wintered upon Maloy Brun, or Berum, an island east of the Spitzbergen group, as well as upon that group itself, still further confirm the statements of Barentz (the great Dutch "Ice Pilot of the Sixteenth Century"), by affirming that the northern seas are still navigable till the middle of December.

Wrangel, the Russian arctic explorer, is still more conclusive in his attestation; viz., that from whatever point of the northern and north-eastern coasts of Siberia his departure was taken, after a journey *over the ice*, of more or less continuance, his sledges were arrested by open water, and he "*beheld the wide, immeasurable ocean spread before our gaze, a fearful and magnificent, but to us a melancholy, spectacle!*"

Mr. Baske, in 1775, reasoning from the journals and narratives of whale-ship commanders and Russian accounts, comes to the very same conclusion as the writer, that there cannot be an ice-bound sea to the north-east of Spitzbergen, inasmuch as navigators often meet with a great north-east swell near the Seven Islands, which proves that in that direction the sea must be free of ice for a considerable distance. His idea is that the ice in the European Arctic Ocean comes originally from the Tartarian rivers and shallow gulfs. His conclusion is that, generally, all ships which reached 82° north met with little or no obstruction from ice.

To these facts we may add the deductions of the noted English experimental philosopher, astronomer, and mechanician, Dr. Robert Hooke, who delivered a course of lectures at London, about the middle of the eighteenth century, in which he demonstrated (examine in Posthumous Works, p. 357), from facts and analogy, that there must be an open sea at the North Pole.

With all this information before us, have we still a right to doubt the relations of what is said to have occurred a thousand years ago?

In the time of King Alfred, A.D. 871, as related in Orosius, Ochter, sailing to the north-east from the North Cape in search of walrus ivory, navigated the Arctic Ocean east of Spitzbergen, and brought back authentic accounts of his discoveries in those seas. At this time the ocean, styled, in error, the Frozen Ocean, was often resorted to by adventurous fishermen, the truths of whose narratives have been confirmed by recent navigators, who recognize in the very course followed from seven to ten centuries ago, the track which brought them nearest to the pole.

Nicholas of Lynn, a Carmelite friar of great learning, and an able astronomer, made five voyages to the polar regions in the middle of the fourteenth century. In one of these he is said to have reached the most distant islands of the north. He dedicated an account of his discoveries from 54° north to the pole (is it not more likely that he intended to say Polar Sea?), entitled "*Inventio Fortunata*," to Edward III. of England.

And now to resume proofs of more modern date.

About 1745, Captain Guy, in the ship London, sailed to 81 1-2° north and found the sea open.

Captain James Wilson, in 1754, after sailing through floating ice from 74° to 81° north, emerged into an open sea, and fished for whales in 82° 15', by observation.

In the same year and month Captain Guy reached 83°, and from the masthead saw a

sea as free from ice as any part of the Atlantic. In 1756, several captains worked to 83° north, and declared that towards the pole there was no impediment to their progress thither.

The same occurred to Captain Boyd in 1762. Captain Wheatley reported that in 1766, when at 81 1-2° north, there was no ice visible, and there could have been none to the north-east, for there was a very heavy sea rolling down from that quarter which, had ice been present there, must have been brought down upon him by the wind and waves. He likewise added that, while off the coast of Greenland, three Dutch captains assured him that a ship of that nation had reached 89° north about that time. Captain Bisbrown in 1765, after being beset by ice during three weeks to the southward, reached 83° 40', and saw the sea entirely open to the north. This corroborates Pennant's relation in every particular.

All the before-mentioned mariners believed in the perfect practicableness of sailing to the pole, but were prevented making the attempt by the apprehension of their crews.

In 1769 Captain John Thew was at 82° north latitude and 15° west longitude, far to the north-west (say fifteen degrees) of that bugbear of an eternal ice barrier.

In 1773, Captain Clarke, at 81 1-2° north, saw an open sea to the northward, although there was a heavy gale blowing and a heavy sea running from the north-east. This account is confirmed by Captains Reed and Robinson, who were as far north as he was at that time.

About 1760, a Dutch captain, Hans Derrick, in company with five other ships, was at 86° north, and saw only some small pieces of floating ice.

Harris, in his *Voyages*, volume ii., page 453, states, as a fact he believed, that by the Dutch journals they (the Dutch) get into 88° 56' north latitude, and the sea open.

In 1665 the states-general of Holland had ships' logs laid before them which corroborated the above; likewise the *Journal des Scavans* for October, 1774. The latter remarks that the Dutch could add many other instances of their countrymen's having reached such high northern latitudes.

M. de Buffon states in his "Natural History" that he was told by persons of credit, among them Dr. Nathan Hickman, F.R.S., that they supposed that Captain Munson's journal, showing that he reached 88° north, might still have been procured in England in 1730. A Dutchman present confirmed the account to M. de Buffon.

In 1775, Captain John Hall witnessed that he had known Dutch ships sail to 84° north, although the ice will not often permit ves-

sels to attain that latitude, and that he had cognizance of ships sailing north round about Spitzbergen, returning south between that island and Nova Zembla.

Professor Allamand, of Leyden, Holland, F.R.S., wrote in 1774 to Hon. Daines Barrington, that Captain John Walig, of the Helder, North Holland, in a letter to his owners, the brothers Van Staphorst, announced that another Dutch captain, Cornelis Gillis, circumnavigating north about the furthest Spitzbergen groups without meeting ice, discovered high land one hundred geographical miles to the east of North Eastland, never before seen. Van Keulen has designated this discovery in his map of Spitzbergen, and Barrington admits that the "skilful and experienced Gillis" sailed round these islands. This "high land" may have been a portion of the island Maloy Brun or Berum but it is laid down upon Engel's chart several degrees to the northward of it.

The before-mentioned Captain Walig had all Gillis' original drafts or charts of his discoveries in his possession, and lent them to Captain May, of the Dutch service, who transmitted a synopsis of what he had learned from the Dutch whale fishermen to Professor Allamand. A Russian who wintered about 1775 on Spitzbergen, using Captain Gillis' map as a partial guide, transnavigated the Spitzbergen group by a new channel not traversed or reported by any other mariner.

Seven years previous, 1700, Jan Clas Casticum, a Dutchman, in company with Captain Witge Jelles, of Hamburg, fished with success and met but little ice, in 81° 40'. Two other English ships, likewise in company, left him, and went on to 83°, and returned, not because they met ice but because they found no whales. In 1730-42, at a time when most of the masters of English ships, fitted out for the Greenland fishery, were Dutchmen, one Captain Krickkrack sailed, without impediment from the ice, more than 2°, at least to 83° 30' north of the Seven Islands.

One hundred years ago it was a common thing for the whale fishermen to pursue their adventurous calling several degrees to the north of Spitzbergen. 80° to 80 1-2° was called the "fishing latitude." Captain Fisher testified that there was no reason to suppose there was any permanent ice to the north or west of Spitzbergen as far as the pole; that from the middle of May to the middle of July the weather is mild, fine, and clear, with favorable breezes, and the pole could be attained unless rocks or land, not ice, intervened, and that north of Spitzbergen there is less ice, and what detached ice is there is not so liable to set fast as that met with to the south of 80° north. Captains Ford and

Dale, often at 81° north, concur in this opinion.

In 1776, Captain Marshall wrote to Hon. Daines Barrington that he had been informed that the Dutch had sailed as far as 83° 30'—that is, half a degree further than Parry attained over the ice, with all the assistance which the British government could afford him—and Stephens wrote to Dr. Maskelyne, astronomer royal, that in 1774, in the month of May, in company with a Dutch ship, he was driven north by a south south-east wind, to 84 1-2°; that there the cold was not excessive; that his crew wore ordinary clothing; that he met with little ice, *less the further they went to the northward*; that a north wind brought clear, and that a south wind

damp, cold, and thick, weather. The Dutchman lost his ship by running against a large detached piece of ice, while Stephens returned in safety.

Many other examples might be cited, but they would occupy too much space. Sufficient instances have been noted to satisfy even the sceptical.

In 1746, 1751-2, 1754, 1756, 1759, 1763, 1765-8, 1769, 1771, and 1773 the sea north of Spitzbergen was open so as to afford opportunities of reaching the pole, which proves, what has been asserted in these papers, that such chances do often occur, and that to reach the pole all that is requisite is to be up north at the nick of time, so as to be able to take advantage of them.

ANCHOR.

MR. DAVID WYRICK, of this city, who has recently been pushing his investigations respecting our ancient works with more thoroughness than heretofore, and has made new surveys, traced new lines and made many new discoveries found on Friday last, in one of the little circles or sink holes connected with the larger works, a very curious and interesting relic. Mr. Squier, in his antiquities of New York, says that these sink holes, which are uniformly connected with our ancient works, usually contain human bones; and Mr. Wyrick went out on the Cherry Valley plateau in order to learn, by a careful examination, whether the same thing was true of these sink holes in Ohio. He found no bones, but he was satisfied that the excavation was filled by material other than that which was taken from it, and he found beside a beautiful granite ball, highly polished and of a reddish color, and also a very curious tapering stone five or six inches long, the four sides nearly alike, and on each, in neat Hebrew characters, brief inscriptions, which seem to be characteristic of the old Hebrews, and give new vitality to the old theory that these works are in some way connected with the lost tribes. The inscriptions have been examined carefully by our best Hebrew scholars, and translated as follows:—

Bdr Ieue—The Word of the Lord.

Kash Kdshim—The Holy of Holies.

Thurth Ieue—The Law of the Lord.

Mlk Artz—The King of the Earth.

Our readers will remember that some weeks ago we described a stone whistle taken from a large burial mound. The stone here referred to seems to be of the same general character. It is neatly polished, and the Hebrew characters are very distinctly engraved, neat and orderly. It is a treasure of no ordinary interest, and may possibly unravel the mystery which has so long hung over these interesting remains. Can it be possible that these works are of Hebrew origin?

If so, what has become of the lost race?—*Newark (O.) North American*, July 5.

A NEW EMIGRATION.—We find in *Le Nord* an account of a most remarkable migration now going on from the Russian to the Turkish possessions. It shows that the nomadic instincts of the old Scythian race are not yet lost. The whole Tartar population of the Crimea, men, women, and children, three hundred thousand strong, are leaving that fertile peninsula for the rigors and hardships of a life in Asia Minor. The Russian government offers no opposition. Its experience in the Crimean war was sufficient to show that the Tartars never would make good Russian subjects, and in times of danger would always be a cause of weakness rather than of strength. Whole villages rallied to the enemy, serving as entertainers, spies, guides, and at Eupatoria as light troops. These little treasons were pardoned by the treaty of Paris, but the fact was not forgotten by the Russian or by the Tartar. A project was started to remove them to a central portion of the empire, but Alexander has too strong a sense of justice to exile a whole race to what to them would prove a sort of Siberia or Botany Bay. The war, however, roused the national spirit of the Tartars, and the hope which was raised by it of reunion to a race kindred to them in blood, language, and religion, they have at length determined to realize at any cost. The example of the Tcherkesses in the Caucasus, and the artificial excitement raised by Turkish emissaries, decided them to make a general movement this spring, and they have put no seed in the ground. The Russian government consoles itself with the idea that the extraordinary fertility of the soil of the Crimea will attract German emigrants, who are far more valuable to the state, and under whose industry the peninsula may regain its fame of the granary of the East.—*Tribune*.

From The Eclectic.
CLAREMONT, AND THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

"Daughter of chiefs and monarchs! where art thou?"

Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hushed that pang forever: with thee fled

The present happiness and promised joy,
Which filled the imperial isles so full, it
seemed to cloy."

—CHILDE HAROLD. Canto iv.

It is more than twenty years ago that we accompanied an invalid mother one fine autumn by leisurely stages to the Isle of Wight. Our first halt was at the neat country inn of the Bear at Esher, fifteen miles from town; and while one of us remained with my dear mother in the quaint little inn parlor, the others proceeded up a by-road to the left of the inn, bounded by mossy park palings, and overhung by fine trees, till we reached a lodge-gate, surmounted by the royal arms.

At the mention of a talismanic name, "the gates wide open flew," though not on golden hinges turning, and we proceeded up a carriage road, winding through undulating turf cropped by sheep, till we came to the house,

It is a substantial, light-brick mansion, with stone dressings, and a Grecian portico surmounted by the royal arms. A flight of about twenty steps led us to the entrance-door, where we soon obtained audience of the housekeeper, who took us over the first-floor, which comprises a square entrance-hall, grand staircase, and eight spacious apartments *en suite*.

After duly admiring a fine cast of the Warwick vase in iron, lined with copper, executed at Berlin, which occupies the centre of the hall, we entered the library, which contained full-length portraits, by Dawe, of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold; also portraits of the princess' preceptor, Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, and her sub-preceptor, Dr. Short.

"On this chair," said the housekeeper, with a little sigh, "the princess laid her shawl the evening she returned from her last walk—and her watch on that chimney-piece. She was tired, and sat down directly she came in."

We listened with reverence; then followed her into the dining-room, where there was a fine cattle-piece, by Louthenberg, over the chimney-piece. Next we came to the gallery, fifty-eight feet by twenty-four, where were full-length portraits of the prince and

princess, again by Dawe, who seems to have basked in the sunshine of court patronage. There were also many other portraits, including those of George III. and Queen Charlotte, copied by Lawrence from Sir Joshua Reynolds; the princess' maternal grandmother, the Duchess of Brunswick; the keen, caustic Frederick the Great, of Prussia, etc. Also several cabinet pictures, by the old masters; none of them sufficiently interesting to retain a permanent place in the memory. One of them the princess had herself bought at an old shop in Oxford Street. Various busts, a statuette or two, and one or two bronzes. In one of the windows, I now forget which—either of this gallery or the drawing-room—a pretty polished table, formed of the pebbles collected at the sea-side by the princess in her childhood, imbedded in cement.

Next came the breakfast-room, communicating with the room in which the princess died, and which, for twenty years afterwards, was locked up.* In this breakfast-room, if I remember right, the prince slept when the princess was confined; and here he afterwards slept when he became king of the Belgians, during his yearly visits to Claremont. Adjoining it are a small dressing-room and bath-room.

Lastly, we came to the drawing-room, stored with ornaments and curiosities of all descriptions, including two Indian cabinets presented to the princess by the Marquis of Hastings; and a superb porcelain table, adorned with highly finished paintings of the interior of the Louvre, and presented to the prince by Charles X. Here we were pleased to renew our acquaintance with Sir William Beechey's charming portrait of the Duchess of Kent, sitting on a sofa, dressed in slight mourning, with her infant daughter, the little Victoria, playing with the Duke of Kent's miniature, hanging round the widowed duchess' neck.

The housekeeper remarked that those of the household who could remember the Princess Charlotte, thought the Princess Victoria somewhat resembled her, especially in her quickness and decision. Her royal highness was very fond of coming to Claremont, where King Leopold wished her to feel quite its mistress; and once, when with the intention of doing her honor, new chairs, etc., were substituted for the old ones in the drawing-room, she exclaimed that she liked the old ones the best, and begged they might be restored to their places.

All this, scanty as it was, interested us in our future queen, who became our queen in reality the following year; but being as yet only the expectancy and rose of the fair state, I must say we dwelt less on her than

on the memory of one whose early promise, misfortunes, short-lived happiness, and premature death, had already consecrated the sleepy shades of Claremont; and as we returned through the park, after visiting the gardens, we dropped into silence, during which I called up all the scattered anecdotes of her that my memory supplied.

I have often wondered that no little manual has ever appeared, simple and short enough to preserve her name among us. She was born on the 7th of January, 1793; and the separation of her parents occurring soon afterwards, she was left in charge of her mother, the Princess of Wales, who took up her abode at Montague House, Blackheath. In a short time, however, the little princess was removed from her mother's care, and placed with Lady Elgin in a neighboring residence; only visiting the Princess of Wales once a week.

Meantime, her education was carefully conducted. Hannah More, writing in 1799 from Fulham Palace, says, "I have been rather royal lately; on Monday I spent the morning at the Pavilion at Hampton Court, with the Duchess of Gloucester; and yesterday I passed the morning with little Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. She is the most sensible and genteel little creature you would wish to see. I saw Carlton House and gardens in company with the pretty princess, who had great delight in opening the drawers, uncovering the furniture, curtains, lustres, etc., to show me. My visit was to Lady Elgin, who has been spending some days here. For the Bishop of London's entertainment and mine, the princess was made to exhibit all her learning and accomplishments; the first consisted in her repeating 'The Little Busy Bee,' the next in dancing very gracefully, and singing 'God save the King,' which was really affecting (all things considered) from her little voice. Her understanding is so forward that they really might begin to teach her many things. It is, perhaps, the highest praise after all to say, that she is exactly like the child of a private gentleman, wild and natural, but sensible, lively, and civil." She delighted the Bishop of London (who told her that when she went to Southend, she would be in his diocese,) by dropping on her knees, and asking his blessing.

Probably the bad terms on which her royal parents were living had caused her removal to Carlton House; but she used still to visit the Princess of Wales at Blackheath, and as she drove along the Kent-road, stood at the carriage window kissing her pretty hand to passers-by, her beautiful fair hair falling in long, heavy curls over her shoulders. One day my grandmother, who had frequently

thus noticed her, observed, to her surprise, that she wore a dark crop wig, surmounted by a white turban, with a red rose in it! On mentioning this strange circumstance to a lady who had friends at court, the latter replied, "Ah, I think I can explain it. The Prince of Wales lately asked Lady Elgin why the child's hair was allowed to grow in that frightful manner, on which she replied that it was by the Princess of Wales' order. The prince sent for scissors, and, without another word, cut the princess' hair off himself, so close that her head was rubbed with spirits to prevent her taking cold; and, doubtless, the first wig that could be procured was made use of." However that might be, my grandmother saw for herself, when the wig was left off, that the hair beginning to grow was notched across the forehead, as if by an unskilful cutter.

Unhappy the child of parents at variance! Of course, the Princess Charlotte was soon old enough to know "the state of parties;" for children are, in general, precociously observant of such matters, and she was a clever child. Unable to decide the demerits of the case, her heart instinctively clung to her mother, who, wayward and flighty beyond belief, had a certain gay good-humor that probably attracted children. The Princess of Wales was not likely to attach her daughter to Queen Charlotte, by whom she was herself treated very coldly. In May, 1807, she claimed to be received at court, which was reluctantly granted; but the queen gave no token of being pleased to see her. On this occasion the prince and princess met for the last time in their lives, and in the very centre of the apartment—the observed of all observers. They bowed, paused a moment or two, exchanged a few words heard by no one else, and then passed on; he, cold and stately, she, "half-mirthful, half-melancholy, as though she rejoiced she was there in spite of him, and yet regretted that her visit was not under happier auspices." Three years afterwards, Queen Charlotte sent the Princess of Wales an elegant aigrette on her birthday. The Princess Charlotte, with more levity than respect, observed that it was "pretty well, considering who sent it!" which was doubtless received with a hearty laugh. The poor old queen's popularity had long been on the wane; she was most unjustly considered stingy, though it appeared, after her death, that she had privately given large sums of money to her sons; and her strong sense of propriety was equally unpalatable to the Prince and Princess of Wales. I remember hearing that on one occasion, when every one had, in obedience to etiquette, finished their tea at the same time with the queen, except the Prin-

cess Charlotte, who remained chatting and sipping from her cup, an attendant presented himself with a salver, and respectfully said, "Your royal highness, her majesty has finished," on which she laughingly replied, "If the queen's throat is paved, mine is not," and retained her cup. The story went on to relate that the queen took no notice of the slight at the time, but, the next morning, sent for the princess, and remonstrated with her on her conduct, adding, "The king's days can now be but few; and, should an untimely end unhappily await your father, you would be queen of England. In that event, I should pay to you the same respect that you now owe to me," which so much touched the princess that she shed tears.

Another anecdote was, that the Princess Charlotte, on asking one of the ladies placed about her who would be the proper person to present her at court, was answered, "the Duchess of York," which made her so indignant at the implied slight to her mother, that she threw a cup of tea into the speaker's face. For this she was taken to task by her preceptor, Bishop Fisher, who said, "I fear your royal highness did not remember my recommendation to overcome these hasty bursts of temper, by mentally repeating the Lord's Prayer." "Oh, yes," said she, "I remembered it, but I really was too much provoked to do it."

She early gave traits, indeed, of self-will, caprice, and obstinacy; but also of kindness, generosity, and a love of truth, candor, and rectitude. "Her skin is white," wrote Lady Charlotte Campbell, "but not a transparent white; there is little or no shade in her face, but her features are very fine. Their expression, like that of her general demeanor, is noble. Her feet are rather small, and her hands and arms are finely moulded. She has a hesitation in her speech, amounting almost to a stammer; her voice is flexible, and her tones dulcet, except when she laughs." For the greater part of this description I can vouch. I perfectly remember seeing her, coming out of the chapel-royal one Sunday, dressed in a green satin pelisse, walking very fast—holding the bishop, her preceptor, not by the arm, but by the hand—and bobbing, rather than bowing, her head to the rows of people between whom she passed. She looked very white, and very cross, as if she had heard something unpleasant in the sermon.

Poor young princess! she was very unhappy. At that time she was living in the dismal seclusion of Warwick House, behind Piccadilly. The Princess of Wales had publicly appealed to the prince in a letter which he had twice privately sent back unopened,

and which she then inserted in the newspapers; remonstrating, among other things, against the restrictions now placed on her intercourse with her daughter. The prince-regent, incensed at the publicity thus given to the letter, refused to allow any meeting at all, for a while, between the princesses. The Duchess of Leeds was appointed to succeed Lady DeClifford as governess, much to the dissatisfaction of the Princess Charlotte, who said she thought she was old enough now to dispense with a governess. But though an Order in Council might prevent the mother and daughter from meeting under one roof, it could not prevent chance interviews in the open air, when their carriages met. On one of these occasions, they drew up near the Serpentine River, leaned from their carriage-windows, and eagerly kissed one another, greatly to the interest of sympathizing spectators.

In 1814, the Prince of Orange came to England as the Princess Charlotte's suitor. The prince-regent had the marriage much at heart, and more than one interview with the princess was accorded him. But he failed to obtain her good graces, which some say were already bespoken for Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg by the Duchess of Oldenburg. As the princess, though forbidden to see her mother, continually exchanged letters with her, the prince-regent, believing this correspondence influenced her rejection of the Prince of Orange, prohibited its continuance, and even, it is said, examined the contents of her writing-desk. Satisfied that she was still too much under her mother's influence, he quietly took measures for her removal from Warwick House to the dull seclusion of Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Forest. Accordingly, on the 16th of July, 1814, he repaired to Warwick House, accompanied by the new ladies-in-waiting whom he intended to place about the princess. These were the Countesses of Rosslyn and Ilchester, the Misses Coates, and Miss Campbell. A short walk through the gardens of Carlton House brought them to their destination. The prince-regent desired the ladies to wait in the ante-room, and then unceremoniously entered the drawing-room in which was the princess.

To her surprise and dismay, he briefly informed her that her late attendants were dismissed; their substitutes were in the adjoining room; and she herself must instantly prepare to accompany them to Cranbourne Lodge.

With wonderful self-command, she only begged that she might leave the room for a few minutes to take leave of her attendants and prepare for her journey. The prince

consented; and, as soon as she was gone, returned to Carlton House to dress for dinner.

No sooner was he gone than the princess—who had hastily equipped herself—stole out of the house, hastened to Cockspur Street, called a hackney-coach, and desired the hackney-coachman to drive her instantly to the Princess of Wales.

This man, who happened to be brother to my grandfather's coachman, said afterwards, he should never have suspected who she was, but for her putting into his hand a guinea. That made him think she must either be somebody who did not know the value of money, or who had some very particular reason for running away. He was confirmed in his suspicion on reaching Connaught House, by the servant's answer to the inquiry whether the Princess of Wales were at home, "No, your royal highness."

The Princess Charlotte immediately desired that a messenger might be despatched to recall her from Blackheath. The princess of Wales was in her carriage when the messenger came up with her; and, with presence of mind, drove first to the House of Commons, in search of Mr. Whitbread, who was not there, and then to the House of Lords for Lord Grey, who was likewise absent. She then sent her servants in quest of Lord (then Mr.) Brougham, and for Miss Maria Elphinstone, a young friend of the Princess Charlotte's, whom she thought likely to influence her. For the Princess of Wales, frivolous as she was, had common sense enough to know that the heiress-presumptive to the crown had placed herself in a very awkward situation; and she was obliged to provide for her extrication from it before she indulged herself in folding her to her heart. Mr. Brougham arrived first, speedily followed by Miss Elphinstone and the Princess of Wales. They found the Princess Char-

lotte's fixed resolution was, to quit her father's protection and live with her mother; but Mr. Brougham explained to her that it was now settled by the law of the land that "the king, or regent, had absolute power to dispose of the persons of all the royal family while under age." The princess was greatly excited; but her mother, though much affected, entreated her to yield to circumstances neither of them were able to resist; and her pleadings were enforced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Eldon, and the Duke of York, each of whom repaired to the spot in a hackney-coach. Lord Eldon, indeed, resorted to threats of shutting up; and after resisting all that could be said to her for many hours, the princess at length consented, between four and five o'clock in the morning, to return to Warwick House, accompanied by the Duke of York and her governess.

She could expect nothing, after this, better than to be sent to Cranbourne Lodge, where she bore her seclusion better than might have been expected. The Duke of Sussex desired to know, in parliament, whether his niece were "in durance," or permitted to see her friends; to which no satisfactory answer was given. The Princess of Wales offered to resign the rangership of Greenwich Park to her daughter, and give up Montague House to her; but the regent replied that he would see to the rangership being properly filled up, and could not permit his daughter to reside in a house which had ever been inhabited by the Princess of Wales! Her comment was, "End well, all well;" which was not verified in the case of any of the three. She hastened her preparations for going to travel on the continent; and, on the 9th of August, sailed from England, never to return to it during her daughter's life.

NOTWITHSTANDING the supposed finality of Sir Leopold McClintock's recent investigations, another Franklin expedition is on foot in England. Mr. Parker Snow, a gentleman who bears the honorable reputation of having predicted, with considerable accuracy, the locality in which the traces of the missing navigator would be found, proposes to leave England at the close of

the year with a small vessel and a picked crew. Proceeding around Cape Horn, he will pass through Behring's Straits, and reach a point a little to the south-west of that attained by McClintock. His object, like that of Hall, who left New London some weeks since, is to find further traces and obtain more precise information concerning the fate of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.—*Tribune*.

From The Christian Observer.

BROAD CHURCH THEOLOGY,

Essays and Reviews. London; Parker and Son, 1860.

THIS is probably, the quietest, most modest, and most unpretending title-page which our readers ever saw. We have copied the whole of it. Not a syllable is added, either to explain the purport of the volume, or to indicate the writer, or writers. But for this modesty there is a reason: in this singular quietness there is a purpose, as we shall hereafter show.

Most of our readers have seen, or heard of, the new sort of fire-arms recently invented in the United States, and called, after the inventor's name, Colt's Revolvers. By one of these small but terrible engines, a man is enabled to discharge, one after the other, the bullets from seven barrels, without moving more than a single finger. The idea seems to have been caught and copied in this volume. Seven men of some note have combined together to produce this quiet-looking but deadly engine. Their names are given on the seventh page. They are as follows:—

Frederick Temple, D.D., Chaplain to the Queen, Head Master of Rugby School.

Rowland Williams, D.D., Vice Principal of St. David's College.

Baden Powell, F.R.S., Savillian Professor, Oxford.

H. B. Wilson, B.D., Vicar of Great Staughton (Bampton Lecturer).

C. W. Goodwin, M.A.

Mark Pattison, B.D. (formerly Tutor of Lincoln College.)

Benj. Jowett, M.A. Regius Professor of Greek, Oxford.

Five at least out of the seven are men of some note, and the remaining two,—better known, doubtless, to their colleagues than the rest of the world,—have proved, by their zeal and their ability, their right to associate with the Temples and Jowetts and Baden Powells.

What, then, is the purpose, object, or drift of this volume? In a brief advertisement we are told that the authors "have written in entire independence of each other, and without concert or comparison." But the book is no "fortuitous concourse of atoms;" nor can any one believe, that men who have, for the most part, weighty and urgent duties to perform, have written these essays as a mere occupation of their leisure hours; or have published them without any definite object or design.

Having read the book from the first to the final page, with riveted attention, we can feel no doubt as to the real object of its publication. But it seems both the wisest and the fairest way, to let this appear in the course of an investigation of the contents, and not

to deliver our verdict before the evidence has been heard. Generally, however, we may say, that the subjects discussed in the volume are, Christianity and the Bible; and the drift of the whole discussion is, to effect a considerable and important change in the popular estimate and understanding of both these great facts. And, while we are told, in the advertisement, that the several essays have been written "without concert," we find, when we come to read them, that the general question has been skilfully divided into sections, and that each writer takes his allotted part, under the evident guidance and direction of one leading mind. But this will be better understood when we come to describe, each by itself, the character and purport of these seven essays.

I. The opening paper, by the justly esteemed head master of Rugby School, is a well-planned and seductive opening of the discussion. It is gracefully written; it is in a religious tone; it puts forth no very repulsive novelties; in short, it has been placed, with great discretion, in the front of the volume, as the best fitted of all the seven to gain the attention and confidence of most readers.

Yet is even this paper—while it may be deemed the least mischievous of the seven,—a fallacious dream; attractive for the moment, but leading to wild and wandering fancies, which prepare the mind for the stronger poisons of the succeeding essayists.

The fiction which it presents to us, is that of a constantly advancing progress of the human mind, "each successive age incorporating into itself the substance of the preceding" (p. 3);—"each generation receiving the benefit of the cultivation of that which preceded it;"—"the discipline of manners, of temper, of thought, of feeling, being transmitted from generation to generation, while at each transmission there is an imperceptible but *unfailing increase*." (P. 4.) This theory, obviously, requires us to believe that the Greeks of the lower empire were wiser and better than the Greeks of the days of Pericles or those of the days of Chrysostom; and that Rome under Marozia and Theodora showed a great advance on the Rome of Trajan or of Theodosius.

"We may rightly speak," says the master of Rugby, "of a childhood, a youth, and a manhood of the world." "The men of the earliest ages were, in many respects, still children as compared with ourselves:" "our characters have grown out of their history as the character of the man grows out of the history of the child."

The Iliad, then, was the production of man in his infancy. Where are the productions of the same being in his maturity?

Aristotle, Socrates, Plato,—these were the infants of the human race; while our present Oxford shows us the full-grown men! Nay, reasoning with these essayists, we may fairly go further. They deem Homer and the author of the book of Job to have been alike inspired; and the book of Job to be the work of a child-man. Well, then, we should be glad to be told of a work produced in modern times, which surpasses the book of Job, in the same manner and degree as the author of *Paradise Lost* surpassed the infantine John Milton when repeating his primer.

But this "education of the world" may be traced and divided, says the master of Rugby, into three periods or courses. "First come rules, then examples, then principles. First comes the Law, then the Son of man, then the gift of the Spirit." (P. 5.)

Strangely, however, was the "education of this world" divided in respect of time. "The childhood of the world was over when our Lord appeared on earth." "It was time that the second teacher of the human race should begin his labor. The second teacher is Example." (P. 20.) "The second stage in the education of man was the presence of our Lord upon earth." And when this was withdrawn, "the human race was left to itself, to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within." (P. 5.) Thus, the "childhood" of the world lasted *four thousand years*; its youth *thirty-three*; its manhood is now of eighteen hundred years' growth. Is not all this a dream?

The dream, however, is not a harmless or innoxious one. There is a monstrous untruth hidden under it.

Man is not supposed to be "educated" without an Educator. Dr. Temple plainly recognizes this fact, and ascribes the work to God. He says, "The world was under tutors and governors until the time appointed by the Father. Then, when the fit season had arrived, the Example to which all ages should turn was sent to teach men what they ought to be. Then the human race was left to itself, to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within." (P. 5.) Thus the work, throughout, is described as the work of God.

"He is the Rock: His work is perfect:" said Moses. But a strange account of that work is given by Dr. Temple. He says,—

"The poetical gods of Greece, the legendary gods of Rome, the animal-worship of Egypt, the sun-worship of the East, all accompanied by systems of law and civil government springing from the same sources as themselves, namely, the character and temper of the several nations, were the means for educating these people to similar purposes in the economy of Providence to that for which the Hebrews were destined." (P. 15.)

So that the polytheism, the impurity, the

cruelty of heathenism, are all to be traced to the same Divine source, as the pure worship of One God, the chastity, the justice, and the mercy of the Mosaic Law. From the same Fountain came forth at once both salt-water and fresh! There was no Evil Spirit at work; the "economy of Providence" used idolatry, devil-worship, lust, and blood, as "means for educating the people!" And not only so, but Dr. Temple can trace the subordinate parts, and show how all this was done:—

"Rome contributed her admirable spirit of order and organization. To her had been given the genius of government. *She had been trained to it by centuries of difficult and tumultuous history.*" (P. 15.) "To Greece was intrusted the cultivation of the reason and of taste. Her gift to mankind has been science and art." (P. 17.) "The perpetual baffling of all earthly progress taught Asia to seek her inspiration in rest. *She learned to fix her thoughts upon another world.*" (P. 19.)

Here we see the "progress," the "growth" of mankind, of which Dr. Temple speaks. Two centuries ago, no unenlightened or ignorant man, but even Milton himself, beheld with horror,—

"Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears.

* * * * *

"Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train, (who)
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods, disguised in brutish
forms.

* * * * *

"Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more
lowl
Fell not from heaven, or one more gross to
love
Vice for itself."

But now a new light has been shed over these things, and Dr. Temple can see in the devil-worship of heathenism, and the atheism of the Buddhist creed, nothing worse than "an economy of Providence for the education of the world!"

But while Dr. Temple thus sets up a fiction which is more baseless than one of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the still greater mischief lies concealed, that all the chief lessons of the word of God are silently rejected or passed by. He professes to pay the deepest homage to the Bible; but under this profession there lies concealed an absolute rejection of its authority. "The Bible," he tells us, "is hindered by its form from exercising a despotism over the human spirit; if it could do that, it would become an outer law at once; but its form is so admirably adapted to our need, that it wins from us all the reverence of a supreme authority, and yet imposes on us no yoke of

subjection. This it does by virtue of the principle of private judgment, which puts conscience between us and the Bible, *making conscience the supreme interpreter*, whom it may be a duty to enlighten, but whom it can never be a duty to disobey." (P. 45.)

We will not impute to Dr. Temple such ignorance as to suppose that he did not know that he was here directly opposing St. Paul, who tells us plainly (Rom. ii.) that the Gentiles who "have not the law," will be judged by the sentence and confession of their own consciences; but that Jews and Christians, who have God's law in their hands, "will be judged by that law;" which is, from its very nature, superior to all other rules. In fact, the very idea of a *judgment*, which pervades all Scripture, is inseparable from that of *law*. Without a law, fixed and certain, how could there be a transgression? And St. Paul, when he brings in the "conscience" of the Gentiles, does it, not to displace the law, but as subject to the law. The Gentiles, he says, have "the law written in their hearts;" and the result of that record will be, "that every mouth will be stopped, and all the world will become (or stand) guilty before God."

This idea, however, seems altogether alien to Dr. Temple's thoughts. The very words, *sin and salvation*, never occur in his essay. Mankind is being *educated*, not being *saved*. The purpose of our Lord's coming was, not to provide an atonement, but to give to man an example. "The one Example of all examples came in the fulness of time, just when the world was fitted to feel the power of his presence." (P. 24.) "Our Lord was the Example of mankind, and there can be no other example in the same sense." (P. 26.)

More than respectful in tone is Dr. Temple when speaking of the Bible. But his outward reverence painfully reminds us of the "Hail, Master!" of him who betrayed Christ. He tells us, that "the immediate work of our day is the study of the Bible." "It must be for some time the centre of all studies." (P. 48.) But while he places conscience, as we have just seen, above the Bible, he quietly and noiselessly demolishes the basis of our trust in the Scripture itself, by denying that the Bible is true. Thus he says, "If geology prove to us that we must not interpret the first chapters of Genesis literally; if historical investigation shall show us that inspiration, however it may protect the doctrine, yet was not empowered to protect the narrative of the inspired writers from occasional inaccuracy; if careful criticism shall prove that there have been occasional interpolations and forgeries," etc. etc. (P. 47.)

Thus Dr. Temple may consistently ques-

tion the force of our Lord's own words, "The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge you at the last day." For what "word" of Christ, according to his views, have we, by which we can be either guided in this life, or judged in the next? In the text of Scripture there are "forgeries and interpolations," so that the plain English reader can never tell, when he is reading the words of Christ, and when the words of some forger! And if we were sure that we possessed the very words of Luke or John, "the inspired writers were not protected from occasional inaccuracy." So that though St. John gives us the words which we have quoted a few lines back, still, as St. John may have been "inaccurate," perhaps Jesus never uttered those words! Or, if we were even assured that our Lord did use the words, and that St. John reported them faithfully; still, is it not "proved" to us, in the very first page of the Bible, that we "must not always interpret the plainest narrative literally?" Truly, what with "interpolations and forgeries," what with the "inaccuracies" of the inspired writers, and what with the "proved untruth" of the very first page of the Bible, we are not surprised that Dr. Temple should reject the idea of being under any "yoke of subjection" to that book. He may well take refuge with the Gentiles, under the "supremacy of conscience." But all this is an awful delusion. The warning of the Lord Jesus is no forgery, no mistake. To the end of time, he tells us, "He that receiveth not my word, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him at the last day."

One of the concluding sentences uttered by Dr. Temple in his dream, would be ludicrous, if it were not lamentable. He says, "At this time, in the *maturity of mankind*, the great lever which moves the world is *knowledge*, the great force is the *intellect*."

Doubtless the Athenians thought so likewise, when Paul stood among them, and told them of the resurrection of the dead, and was grieved with their mockings. But is not the blindness of our modern Athenians still more marvellous, when they can look around the world as it now is, and say, "the great lever which moves it is *knowledge*—is *intellect*!"

Was it knowledge, was it intellect, which raised and fostered the Oxford delusion of 1835-1845; and threatened for a time to subvert the whole church and state of England? Is it knowledge or intellect, which is hurrying men, at the present moment, in an exactly opposite direction; and leading some of the same individuals, who, in 1840, believed the legendary miracles of the middle ages, to reject, in 1860, the miracles of the

New Testament? Was it knowledge or intellect, which, in 1848, suddenly overthrew almost every throne in Europe, and then, in less than three years, replaced despotism in its seat again? Was it knowledge or intellect, which cast the whole power of the greatest European kingdom into the hands of a Paris mob; and then, in some thirty months, surrendered that power to a despot? Truly, instead of dreaming that intellect rules the world, we might with much more rationality recall the old statesman's words, and say, "See, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed!"

II. After Dr. Temple's mild and moderate opening, we are favored with a much stronger dose. The most daring writer of the whole seven comes forward. Yet even he has adroitness enough to use a cloak. Bold as Dr. Rowland Williams is, there are some things which he deems it more prudent to quote from the German than to present as his own. In place, then, of an "essay," he gives us a "review." He takes up the whole circle of Bunsen's wild profanities, and thus brings into the compass of forty-three pages a mass of reckless infidelity, compared with which the writings of Voltaire and Paine were comparatively harmless.

We cannot review this review, or even enumerate half its criminal absurdities. A single Egyptian tradition of the most apocryphal kind, suffices, in Bunsen's eyes, and in the eyes of his reviewer, to prove that Moses knew nothing of the subject on which he was writing, and that the present human race is probably at least twenty thousand years old! (P. 55.) The long lives of the first patriarchs are "relegated to the domain of legend, or symbolical cycle." (P. 57.) The following sentence is Dr. Williams' own: "That there was a Bible before our Bible, and that some of our present books, as certainly Genesis and Joshua, and perhaps Job, Jonah, Daniel, are expanded from similar elements, is indicated in the book before us, rather than proved, *as it might be*." (P. 62.) Isaiah's prophecy "is composed of elements of different eras." In Zechariah's, we find "three distinct styles and aspects of affairs." "The man Daniel is to be distinguished from our book of Daniel." The book of Jonah "contains a late legend, *founded on misconception*." (P. 77.) These are not a tithe of the monstrosities which Dr. Williams pours forth as glibly as if they were neither nauseously absurd, nor revoltingly profane.

The main object, however, of this paper seems to be, to get rid of the very idea of Scripture prophecies. This is attempted by a rapid and approving survey of Bunsen's assaults on this department of Scripture evi-

dence. We must condense, as much as we are able, two or three of Dr. Rowland Williams' pages. He thus writes:—

"Even Butler foresaw the possibility that every prophecy in the Old Testament might have its elucidation in contemporaneous history." "Bishop Chandler is said to have thought twelve passages in the Old Testament directly Messianic; others restricted this character to five; Paley ventures to quote only one." "Coleridge threw secular prognostication altogether out of the idea of prophecy." "But in Germany there has been a pathway streaming with light, from Eichhorn to Ewald, throughout which the value of the moral element in prophecy has been progressively raised, and that of the directly predictive, whether secular or Messianic, has been lowered." "To this inheritance of opinion Baron Bunsen succeeds. Knowing these things, and writing for men who know them," "he dare not say, though it was formerly said, that David foretold the exile, because it is mentioned in the Psalms. He cannot quote Nahum denouncing ruin against Nineveh, or Jeremiah against Tyre, without remembering that already the Babylonian power threw its shadow across Asia, and Nebuchadnezzar was mustering his armies. If he would quote the book of Isaiah, he cannot conceal, after Gesenius, Ewald, and Maurer have written, that the book is composed of elements of different eras." "If he would quote Micah, as designating Bethlehem for the birth-place of the Messiah, he cannot shut his eyes to the fact, that the deliverer to come from thence was to be a contemporary shield against the Assyrian. If he would follow Pearson in quoting the second Psalm, '*Thou art my Son*,' he knows that Hebrew idiom convinced even Jerome the true rendering was '*Worship purely*.'"^{*} "Fresh from the services of Christmas, he may sincerely exclaim. '*Unto us a child is born*!' but he knows that the Hebrew translated '*Mighty God*,' is at least disputable; and that perhaps it means only 'Strong and mighty one, Father of an age;' and he can never listen to any one who pretends that the Maiden's child of Isaiah vii. 16, was not to be born in the reign of Ahaz, as a sign against Pekah and Rezin. In the case of Daniel, he may doubt whether all parts of the book are of one age, or what is the starting-point of the seventy weeks; but two results are clear,—that the period of weeks ended in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, and that those portions of the book which are supposed to be specially predictive, are a history of past occurrences up to that reign." "Some passages may be doubtful, one perhaps in Zechariah, and one in Isaiah, capable of being made directly Messianic, and a chapter in Deuteronomy foreshadowing the fall of Jerusalem. But even these few cases tend to melt, if they are not already melted, in the crucible of searching inquiry."—P. 65-70.

On the fifty-third of Isaiah Dr. Williams writes:—

"Bunsen puts together, with masterly analy-

* Of course, St. Paul's citation of this Psalm in Heb. i. 5, is of no value in Dr. Williams' eyes,

sis, the illustrative passages of Jeremiah, and it is difficult to resist the conclusion to which they tend. Jeremiah compares his whole people to sheep going astray, and himself to a lamb or an ox brought to the slaughter. He was taken from prison, and his generation, or posterity, none took account of: he interceded for his people in prayer, but was not the less despised, and a man of grief; so that no sorrow was like his; men assigned his grave with the wicked, and his tomb with the oppressors; all who followed him seemed cut off out of the land of the living, yet his seed prolonged their days; his prophecy was fulfilled, and the arm of the Eternal laid bare: he was counted wise on the return; his place in the book of Sirach shows how eminently he was enshrined in men's thoughts as the servant of God; and in the book of Maccabees he is the gray prophet who is seen in vision fulfilling his task of interceding for the people. This is an imperfect sketch, but may lead readers to consider the arguments for applying Isaiah lii. and liii. to Jeremiah. Their weight is so great, that if any single person should be selected, they prove that Jeremiah should be the one."—P. 73.

Such is Dr. Williams' own deliberate judgment touching the 53d of Isaiah. Doubtless Dr. Williams knows as well as we do, that in the 8th of Acts we find Philip sent by the Spirit especially to instruct the Eunuch that this 53d chapter of Isaiah was a prophecy of Christ. But what of that? Does not Dr Williams know better than Philip, and has not he, too, the spirit as well as Philip? On this point he thus speaks:—

"The sacred writers acknowledge themselves men of like passions with ourselves, and we are promised illumination from the Spirit which dwelt in them. Hence, when we find our Prayer-book constructed on the idea of the church being an inspired society, instead of objecting that everyone of us is fallible, we should define inspiration consistently with the facts of Scripture and of human nature. These would neither exclude the idea of fallibility among Israelites of old, nor teach us to quench the Spirit in true hearts forever."—P. 78.

Thus, in plain English, the "Essays and Reviews" stand on the same footing as the *Acts of the Apostles*. Fallibility attaches to both; "inspiration" belongs as much to the one as to the other!

But if we were to traverse the whole of Dr. Williams' forty-three pages, we might fill one-half of our present number. Whole books of Holy Scripture are thrown overboard as palpable forgeries.* "Heaven is not a place, so much as the fulfilment of the love of God." (P. 82.) In fact, nearly all the rationalistic infidelity of Germany is concentrated in these forty-three pages.

* As at p. 84, where we read, "The second of the Petrine epistles, having alike external and internal evidence against its genuineness, is necessarily surrendered."

Still, Dr. Williams' part in the work seems especially to be, to get rid of the idea of Scripture Prophecy. And that task he has performed with the zeal of a thorough partisan. As we have seen,—if St. Paul differs from him in opinion (as in Hebrews i. 5), then St. Paul is wrong;—if Philip the Evangelist, led by the Spirit, interprets Isaiah liii. of Christ, then Dr. Williams, who professes to be also led by the Spirit, corrects Philip's error! But justly does one of the other essayists, Mr. Pattison, remark, at p. 328,—

"What Scripture lost, was gained by one or other of the three substitutes—church authority, the Spirit, or Reason. Church authority was soon found untenable: the Spirit then came into favor, along with Independency. But it was quickly discovered, that on such a basis only discord and disunion could be reared."

We leave Dr. Williams, then, to settle this point with Mr. Pattison, and proceed to the third essay,—Mr. Baden Powell's.

III. This will not occupy us long: but it serves, taken in connection with what went before, to make the plan and purpose of the book quite clear. Dr. Williams having disposed, to his own satisfaction at least, of the idea that there are predictive prophecies in Scripture, Mr. Baden Powell deals with the next grand feature in the case, and boldly denies the truth and reality of the Scripture Miracles!

He approaches this subject under the guise of an essay on the Evidences of Christianity. He opens the question by a scornful depreciation of all writers on the evidences; every one of whom, he considers, has failed in the task he has undertaken. But, for his own part, Mr. Powell takes ground so closely resembling that of Hume, that it is not easy to distinguish between the two. Miracles, in his view, are facts which no amount of testimony can suffice to establish. We will quote some of his own words:—

"The enlarged critical and inductive study of the natural world, cannot but tend powerfully to evince the *inconceivableness* of imagined interruptions of natural order, or supposed suspensions of the laws of matter, and of that vast series of dependent causation which constitutes the legitimate field for the investigation of science." (P. 110.) "Intellect and philosophy are compelled to disown the recognition of any thing in the world of matter at variance with the first principle of the laws of matter—the universal order and indissoluble unity of physical causes."—P. 127.

Mr. Powell's main principle appears to us to be very like Materialism. He thus states it:—

"All highly cultivated minds and duly advanced intellects have imbibed, more or less, the

lessons of the inductive philosophy, and have at least in some measure learned to appreciate the grand foundation conception of universal law,—to recognize the *impossibility* even of *any two material atoms* subsisting together without a determinate relation—of any action of the one on the other, whether of equilibrium or of motion, without reference to a physical cause—of any modification whatsoever in the existing conditions of material agents, unless through the invariable operation of a series of eternally impressed consequences, following in some necessary chain of orderly connection, must be viewed *apart* from connection with physical things.”—P. 133.

Does not this theory virtually shut God out of his own world? And does not Mr. Powell, in fact, though in his own phraseology, plainly state as much in the following passage?

“The more knowledge advances, the more it has been, and will be, acknowledged that Christianity, as a real religion, must be viewed *apart* from connection with physical things.”—P. 128.

It follows that the greater part of the Bible, which deals, throughout, with physical things, must be held to be *untrue*. So Mr. Powell plainly states; saying,—

“The first dissociation of the spiritual from the physical was rendered necessary by the palpable contradictions disclosed by astronomical discovery with the letter of Scripture. Another still wider and more material step has been effected by the discoveries of geology. More recently, the antiquity of the human race, and the development of species, and the rejection of the idea of *creation*, have caused new advances in the same direction.”—P. 129.

It appears that the main duty committed to Mr. Powell by the contrivers of this volume, is to deny and repudiate the miracles of Scripture, just as Dr. Williams has rejected the prophecies. And he has shown no lack of zeal, or of confidence, in this work. As a general principle, he assures us that, “If miracles were in the estimation of a former age among the chief *supports* of Christianity, they are at present among the main *difficulties*, and hinderances to its acceptance.” (P. 140.) For, “In nature and from nature, by science and by reason, we neither have, nor can possibly have, any evidence of a *Deity working miracles*; for that we must go out of nature and beyond reason.” (P. 142.)

Once or twice, Mr. Powell, very unintelligibly, speaks of miracles as “objects of faith.” But how can *that* be an object of faith, which is declared at the outset to be inherently impossible? Shall we suppose that Mr. Powell means to accept an impossible thing as a fact, on the sole authority of Scripture? No, this cannot be what he

means, for he exults in discarding the plainest statements of Scripture in several matters. He is glad to “reject the idea of *creation*,” and greatly prefers “the grand principle of self-evolving powers of nature.” (P. 139.) What other or higher idea of a God he receives, than that of “the great Pan,” we find it hard to imagine. In truth, of all the writers of the present volume, Mr. Powell is the one who seems to have made the furthest advance on the road to absolute atheism. Still, he thinks it expedient to wind up with the following phrases:—

“The *reason* of the hope that is in us, is not restricted to *external signs*, nor to any one kind of evidence, but consists of such assurance as may be most satisfactory to each earnest individual inquirer’s own mind. And the true acceptance of the entire revealed manifestation of Christianity will be the most worthily and satisfactorily based on that assurance of ‘faith’ by which the apostle affirms ‘we stand;’ and which in accordance with his emphatic declaration, must rest, ‘not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God.’”—P. 144.

It would, perhaps, scarcely be right for any man to assert his confidence that he knows what is meant by these enigmatical sentences. The only meaning which we can extract from them is, that each “individual inquirer” is the only arbiter of what he ought to believe; a meaning which agrees with Dr. Temple’s position, that “conscience is the *supreme* interpreter,” before which even the word of God must bend!

The main position insisted on by Mr. Powell is, that a miracle is a thing inherently impossible. “In nature and from nature, by science and by reason, we neither have, nor can *possibly* have, any evidence of a Deity working miracles.” Now, the apostles constantly appeal to such evidence in support of the most stupendous miracles; and they rest Christianity mainly on the truth of the facts. (Acts i. 21, 22; iv. 33; 1 Cor. xv. 14.) All the gospels and all the epistles assert, again and again, the miracles of the Resurrection and Ascension. Does Mr. Powell believe them or not? If he ever uses the creeds, he publicly avers his belief that Christ “rose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven.” If he is certain that *there can be no evidence* of these facts, we beg to ask, upon *what* his faith is founded? But if his answer is, that he does not use the creeds, or profess any such belief, then we demand why, as an honest man, he does not “go to his own company?” (Acts iv. 23.) Can any man, with even common decency, fill a professor’s chair at Oxford, and sometimes ascend a pulpit, who does not even ad-

here to the earliest and the simplest profession of the Christian faith?

IV. The next paper is by Mr. Wilson, vicar of Great Staughton, and formerly Bampton Lecturer. His subject is, *The National Church*. But the real drift and object of his essay is, to urge the expediency of getting rid of all subscription to articles, and of throwing open the doors of the church to "science and intellect," without reference to forms or modes of belief.

Mr. Wilson shows his sympathy with the previous writers and their opinions, in the way of passing reference. Thus, he speaks of—

"The spontaneous recoil, on the part of large numbers of the more acute of our population, from some of the doctrines which are to be heard at church and chapel; a distrust of the old arguments for, or proofs of, a *miraculous* revelation; and a misgiving as to the authority, or extent of the authority of the Scriptures. In the presence of *real difficulties* of this kind, probably of genuine English growth, it is vain to check that open discussion out of which alone any satisfactory settlement of them can issue."—P. 151.

Of St. John's Gospel Mr. Wilson says,—

"Our Lord's discourses have almost all of them a direct moral bearing. This character of his words is certainly more obvious in the three first gospels than in the fourth; and the remarkable union of those gospels when they recite the Lord's words, notwithstanding their discrepancies in some matters of fact, compel us to think that they embody more exact traditions of what he actually said than the fourth does." "There is no proof that St. John gives his voucher as an eye and ear witness of all that is related in it."—P. 161.

"Under the terms of the Sixth Article one may accept literally, or allegorically, or as parable, or poetry, or *legend*, the story of a serpent tempter; of an ass speaking with man's voice; of an arresting of the earth's motion: of waters standing in a solid heap; of witches, and of a variety of apparitions. So, also, every one is free in judgment as to the primæval institution of the sabbath, the universality of the deluge, the confusion of tongues, the corporeal taking up of Elijah into heaven, the nature of angels, the reality of demoniacal possession, the *personality of Satan*, and the miraculous particulars of many events."—P. 177.

Clearly there can be little doubt that the writers of this volume are quite agreed as to one point; namely, to believe as much of the Bible as suits their own preconceived ideas; and not to admit that a rejection of three-fourths of it involves the least dishonesty on their part, as benefited and recognized ministers of the Church of England.

Already possessing so much freedom, or rather, so much elasticity of conscience, it is almost surprising that these gentlemen

should find any occasion to complain of the bonds or restrictions of the church. But Mr. Wilson explains the inconveniences of these obligations in the following passage:—

"It happens continually, that able and sincere persons are deterred from entering the ministry of the national church by this consideration:—they would be willing to be subject to the law forbidding them to teach Arianism or Pelagianism, but they do not like to say, or to be thought to say, that they assent to a certain number of anti-Arian or anti-Pelagian propositions. And the absence of vigorous tone,—not confined to one party in the church, which is to be lamented of late years in its ministry, is to be attributed to the reluctance of the stronger minds to enter an order in which their intellects may not have free play."—P. 190.

We take leave to say, that "Arianism and Pelagianism" are here put forward *hypocritically*. The question does not turn upon Arianism or Pelagianism, but upon the authority of the word of God. To a sincere and honest student, the Sixth Article clearly implies, that "whatsoever is read in holy Scripture may be required to be believed as necessary to salvation." If any doubt could exist on this point, it would be dissipated by the Eighth Article, which pledges the subscriber to the Three Creeds expressly on the ground that "they may be proved by most certain warrant of Holy Scripture." And so, in the Twentieth, the Twenty-second, the Twenty-fourth, and the Thirty-fourth, the supreme authority of "God's Word" is constantly appealed to, as deciding and ruling every question. And no honest man, we must plainly contend, could subscribe, without a terrible wrench to his conscience, these Articles, if he felt that, like these seven essayists, he disbelieved more than one-half of the Bible.

In another place Mr. Wilson says, that

"In order to the possibility of recruiting any national ministry *from the whole of the nation*, in order to the operation upon the nation at large of the special functions of its church, no needless intellectual or speculative obstacles should be interposed."—P. 196.

We have not the least desire to "recruit the ministry of the church from the *whole of the nation*." No better plan could be devised for lowering the church to the level of the people whom its main object should be to elevate. The church should be the *light* of the world, and it cannot be recruited from *darkness*. Recent statistics have brought to view some most appalling facts concerning the irreligion and ungodliness of millions of the people. We want increased agency, and more power, to act upon the masses of sin and impiety; but who would seriously propose, that we should seek that agency among

those irreligious myriads, not by calling individuals "out of darkness," but by bringing the darkness into the Church!

Up to the present moment, blessed be God, the church of England honors his word, and submits every thing to its decisions. This is her sheet-anchor, and whenever she loses this, she will find herself wandering upon the ocean, certain to perish finally upon the rocks or upon the shore. Mr. Wilson has himself abandoned this sure anchorage. He tells us, that

"There may be traits in the scriptural person of Jesus, which are better explained by referring them to an ideal than an historical origin; and there are parts of Scripture more usefully interpreted ideologically than in any other manner; as, for instance, the history of the temptation of Jesus by Satan, and accounts of demoniacal possessions." "Some may consider the descent of all mankind from Adam and Eve as an undoubted historical fact; others may rather perceive in that relation a form of narrative, into which in early ages *tradition would easily throw itself* spontaneously." (P. 201.) "So again, the incarnation of the divine Immanuel remains, although the angelic appearances which herald it in the narratives of the evangelists may be of ideal origin.—P. 203.

It is self-evident, that the book which the Church calls the "Word of God," is thus reduced to a mere "word of man." If one reader may reject the "angelic appearances" to the shepherds, and the temptation of Jesus by Satan, another may, with equal propriety, discredit the miraculous conception, and assume Jesus to be the son of Joseph and Mary. Thus, to give up the truth and certainty of God's word, is to give up Christianity itself. And when that is done, why need we care how, or by whom, the national church is "recruited," or whether it is recruited at all? "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"

V. The next paper in succession is Mr. Goodwin's; and his part in the scheme is, to prove that in the opening chapters of Genesis, Moses was dealing with a subject with which he was totally unacquainted, and that, of the creation of the world, we may safely assume

"That He who made it, and revealed its date To Moses, was mistaken in its age!"

This essay is, doubtless, one of the chief efforts of the volume. To establish the untruth, and incredibility, of the first chapter of Genesis, is a purpose on which the hearts of all these seven writers are set. Thus, Dr. Temple modestly begins: "If geology proves to us that we must not interpret the first chapters of Genesis literally." (P. 47.) Dr. Rowland Williams, more audaciously, talks of "the half-ideal, half-traditional no-

tices of the beginnings of our race compiled in Genesis." (P. 56.) Mr. Baden Powell speaks of "the dissociation of the spiritual from the physical, which has been effected by the discoveries of geology," and of "the rejection of the idea of 'creation.'" (P. 129.) Mr. Wilson suggests, that "some may consider the descent of all mankind from Adam and Eve as an undoubted historical fact; others may rather perceive in that relation a form of narrative, into which in early ages tradition would easily throw itself spontaneously." (P. 201.) And Mr. Jowett tells us, that "the time will come when educated men will no more think that the first chapters of Genesis relate the same tale which geology and ethnology unfold, than they now think the meaning of Joshua x. 12, 13, to be in accordance with Galileo's discovery." (P. 419.) Thus, in the eyes of the whole confederacy, the rejection of the Mosaic narrative is deemed to be an essential and an inevitable thing.

The work, however, of filling up this department in the present volume, has been assigned to Mr. Goodwin, and he has entered upon his task with no kind of hesitation or reluctance. The final result or conclusion to which he endeavors to bring his readers, is given in the last two pages of his essay. We copy the principal passages:—

"If we regard the Mosaic narrative as the speculation of some Hebrew Descartes or Newton, promulgated in all good faith as the best and most probable account that could then be given of God's universe, it resumes the dignity and value of which the writers in question have done their utmost to deprive it. It has been sometimes felt as a difficulty to taking this view of the case, that the writer asserts so solemnly and unhesitatingly that *for which he must have known that he had no authority*. But this arises only from our modern habits of thought, and from the modesty of assertion (!) which the spirit of true science has taught us." "The early speculator was harassed by no such scruples, and asserted as facts what he knew only as probabilities." "With regard to details, *observation failed him*. He knew little of the earth's surface, or of its shape and place in the universe," etc., etc.—P. 252.

Of course, in all this, Mr. Goodwin implies, as distinctly as if he had expressed it, that as he disbelieves the statements of Genesis, so he disbelieves those of Exodus also. He could not thus have spoken of the ignorance of Moses, and of the "speculations" in which he indulged, on subjects of which he knew nothing, if he had believed the plain averments of the Hebrew prophet, that "the Lord spake with him face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend" (Exod. xxxiii. 11.); that this personal communication with the Deity made his face to shine,

so that the people were afraid to come nigh him (Exod. xxxiv. 30); and that these communications lasted forty days and forty nights. We say, that if Mr. Goodwin had believed even a small part of all this, he never could have insolently spoken of Moses as "an early speculator who was harassed by no scruples, and who asserted as facts what he knew only as probabilities."

But audacity like this ought to be well supported by fact and by argument. These writers, or nearly all of them, still profess a vague and unintelligible respect for Scripture, and even speak of its "authority." When, therefore, its very first page is rudely attacked, and treated as a baseless fiction,—the invention of some "early speculator," who knew nothing of the subject on which he was writing,—we have a right to demand, that he who thus presumptuously handles Holy Scripture, shall clearly, calmly, and irrefragably make good his own ground, and show that the statements which he thus rejects, are, beyond all doubt or question, *not true*. And this is what Mr. Goodwin has palpably failed to do.

The greater part of his essay is taken up with a comparison of Dr. Buckland, Mr. Hugh Miller, and Archdeacon Pratt's several schemes, and an exhibition of their inconsistencies. And Mr. Goodwin seems to think that he has done a great deal, when he has shown one of these writers in opposition to another. He sets them all aside, because, he says, "we find them at variance with each other, and mutually destructive." In what other department of science, we beg to ask, would Mr. Goodwin deal with rival and opposing theories after this fashion? In what pursuit, in what inquiry, would he say, "The several parties oppose and contradict each other; therefore, *truth is with none of them*." Or, as a wit of old said, "Some say, that the king is dead; and others say that he is not; but for my part I believe neither the one nor the other."

For our part, we are not greatly concerned to maintain either Mr. Hugh Miller's scheme or Dr. Buckland's. And Mr. Goodwin would have done well to remember, that his business was not with Hugh Miller or Dr. Buckland, or Archdeacon Pratt, but with Moses. He had to demonstrate, that the account of the Creation given in the first chapter of Genesis, is *not true*. He may suppose that he has done this; but to our minds he has done nothing of the kind.

In any discussion of this sort, the principal thing at the outset is to settle the meaning of terms. And here Mr. Goodwin at once exhibits his weakness, and his culpable unfairness. His business is, to show the untruth of the statements of Moses. In-

stead of which, he deals chiefly with certain customary and popular interpretations of the words of the Jewish historian.

He is very irate, and even indignant, when this distinction is pointed out. Dr. Buckland had remarked, that "the question is not respecting the correctness of the Mosaic narrative; but of our interpretation of it." On which Mr. Goodwin says, that this is "a proposition which can hardly be sufficiently *reprobated*. Such a doctrine, carried out unreservedly, *strikes at the root of critical morality*."

Indeed! Is this most ancient of all writings, then,—preserved, too, in a language now almost out of use,—so plain and simple and popularly intelligible, as to be capable, in every sentence and every word, of only one meaning? To take, for instance, the very first line of the book of Genesis,—are we to be told, that "In the beginning" is perfectly intelligible to every child, and that it *must* mean the year B.C. 4004, and nothing else? Or when, half a dozen lines after, it is written, that "God said, Let there be light," are we to be assured that everybody knows what light is, and that there can be no second opinion about it? Can Mr. Goodwin himself tell us what light is? or what is the sole and exclusive meaning to be attached to this word?

A little lower down, we find that "God made the firmament." Shall we be assured that every child knows what a firmament is, just as he knows what a sheep is? Or that "heaven" is not a word having three or four meanings, as Cruden tells us, but a perfectly simple and plain expression, needing no "interpretation" whatever?

How much turns upon this point of "interpretation" is soon manifested in Mr. Goodwin's own pages. Thus, he tells us, that—

"The heaven itself is distinctly said to have been formed by the division of the waters on the second day. *Consequently*, during the indefinite ages which elapsed from the primæval creation of matter until the first Mosaic day of creation, *there was no sky*, no local habitation for the sun, moon, and stars." (P. 226.)

"How came such a point as this to have escaped the notice of Christian philosophers of past centuries?—for, let it be observed, this is no "discovery of modern geology;" but a contradiction lying on the very face of the record, and obvious to the students of all generations.

It escaped no one's notice. Although Mr. Goodwin is now so indignant at the idea,—that "the question is not as to the Mosaic record, but as to our *interpretation* of it,"—the Newtons and Bacons of past ages knew full well that every thing here, or elsewhere, turned upon an honest, humble, reverential

interpretation. They saw that the word "Heaven," in the inspired word, must have and in fact had, more than one meaning. They found Solomon speaking, not only of "the heaven," but of "the heaven of heavens" also. (1 Kings viii. 27.) They found St. Paul asserting, that he had been "caught up to the third heaven." (2 Cor. xii. 2.) And necessarily, therefore, if to Sir Isaac Newton, as a tutor, Mr. Goodwin had presented this "wresting of Scripture" (2. Pet. iii. 16), showing that "there was no sky,—no local habitation for the sun, moon, and stars,"—the result must have been, if discipline were rigidly enforced, a heavy "imposition" for such profane trifling.

But it is time that we gave our readers some idea of Mr. Goodwin's main position,—that broad and general view of the facts of the case, which, he imagines, entitles him to stigmatize Moses, in his summing-up, as "an early speculator, who was harassed with no scruples, and who asserted as facts what he knew only as probabilities." This general view occupies five pages of his book, and we are therefore driven to abridgment, which we will perform as faithfully as we can.

The first page is given to the astronomical view of the earth and its creation. Mr. Goodwin considers, that "taking the words (of the first chapter of Genesis) in their plain sense, they manifestly give a view of the universe adverse to that of modern science." (P. 209.) But he feels himself compelled to speak with modesty and caution on this subject, inasmuch as the fact could not be absent from the minds of all his readers, that the greatest philosophers of the last two centuries have never found, in these apparent discrepancies, any ground for modifying or limiting their belief in the absolute truth and divine inspiration of the Mosaic narrative. But we can easily perceive, that, had it not been for this curb imposed upon him, Mr. Goodwin would as freely have asserted of astronomy, as he has done of geology, that it destroyed the credibility of the books of Moses. As matters stand, he is obliged to confine himself to an expression of regret, that "either the definition and idea of divine revelation" was not "modified, and the possibility of an admixture of error allowed; or such parts of the Hebrew writings as were found repugnant to fact, pronounced to form no part of revelation." (P. 209.) And thus we quit Astronomy, and proceed onward to the more modern and more imperfectly known subject of Geology. Respecting this, Mr. Goodwin thus speaks:—

"The first clear view which we obtain of the early condition of the earth, presents to us a ball of matter, fluid with intense heat, spinning on

its own axis, and revolving round the sun. How long it may have continued in this state is beyond calculation or surmise." "The water which now enwraps a large portion of the globe, must for ages have existed only in the shape of steam, floating above and enveloping the planet in one thick curtain of mist. When the cooling of the surface allowed it to condense and descend, then commenced the process by which the lowest stratified rocks were formed, and gradually spread out in vast layers." "Whether organized beings co-existed with this state of things, we know not." "This period has been named by geologists the Azoic, or that in which life was not. Its duration no one presumes to define."

"It is in the system of beds which overlies these primitive formations that the first records of organisms present themselves. In the so-called Silurian system we have a vast assemblage of strata of various kinds, many thousands of feet thick, and abounding in remains of animal life. These strata were deposited at the bottom of the sea, and the remains are exclusively marine. The creatures whose exuviae have been preserved belong to those classes which are placed by naturalists the lowest with respect to organization,—the mollusca, articulatæ, and radiata. Analogous beings exist at the present day, but not their lineal descendants." "In the upper strata of the Silurian system is found the commencement of the race of fishes." "These monsters clothed in mail, who must have been the terror of the seas they inhabited, have left their indestructible coats behind them, as evidence of their existence."

"Next come the Carboniferous strata, containing the remains of a gigantic and luxuriant vegetation, and here reptiles and insects begin to make their appearance."

"In the next great geological section,—the so-called Secondary period,—the predominant creatures are different from those which figured conspicuously in the preceding. The land was inhabited by gigantic animals, half-toad, half-lizard." "The waters abounded with monsters, half-fish, half-crocodile,—the well-known saurians, whose bones have been collected in abundance. The air had its tenantry from the same family type, for the pterodactyls were creatures half-lizard, half-vampyre, provided with membranous appendages, which must have enabled them to fly."

"Lastly comes the Tertiary period, in which mammalia of the highest forms enter upon the scene, while the composite growths of the Secondary period in great part disappear, and the types of creatures approach more nearly to those which now exist. During long ages this state of things continued, while the earth was the abode principally of mastodons, elephants, rhinoceroses, and their thick-skinned congeners, many of them of colossal proportions, and of species which have now passed away. During this era the ox, horse, and deer, and perhaps other animals, destined to be serviceable to man, became inhabitants of the earth. Lastly, the advent of man may be considered as inaugurating a new and distinct epoch, that in which we now are." "Thus, the reduction of the earth into the state

in which we now behold it has been the slowly continued work of ages. The races of organic beings which have populated its surface have from time to time passed away, and been supplanted by others, evidently according to a fixed method and order, and with a gradually increasing complexity and fineness of organization, until we come to man as the crowning point of all."—P. 217.

Such is Mr. Goodwin's general view of the world's history; and when we have read it, our first inquiry naturally is, what he finds, in all this, destructive of the Mosaic history? We see nothing; nor did such masters of science as Dr. Buckland and Dr. Chalmers perceive any thing irreconcilable, in the main facts of geology, with the very brief outline given us in the opening verses of the book of Genesis. Still more recently, in the latest view of geological science, given in Dr. Lardner's *Museum of Science and Art*, 1856, the subject is thus summed up:—"The short account of the Creation given in the first chapter of Genesis, is in accordance with the results of geological discovery, in as complete a manner as would be possible in so brief a summary."

The design of the revelation given to Moses clearly was, to instruct man in the chief facts concerning himself, his habitation, and the history of his race. It deeply concerned man to know how he came upon this earth, who was the author of his being, and for what end he was created. It did not much concern him to know the number of the planets, or their history; and of these nothing was told him. Nor was it needful for him to know how many revolutions this globe of ours had gone through before he himself was created, or what strange beings had walked its surface, before the last great convulsion; and accordingly, no allusion was made to this long-past history. And surely, this silence as to other worlds, and as to former states of this world, must commend itself to every thoughtful man's sober judgment. How strange, how unsuitable, how imperfect, or else how voluminous, must a divine revelation concerning the sidereal heavens, or describing all the convulsions and changes which this earth had undergone, have been, if placed at the commencement of the book of Genesis! The wisdom and propriety of this abstinence from matters which had no bearing on man's own interests, ought to be ranked as one among many internal evidences of the Divine origin of the Mosaic narrative. Taking up the history of the world where geology leaves it, the inspired historian shows us how, after the great convulsion which closed the Tertiary period, the Divine Spirit began to fit

this earth for the human race: first, dispersing darkness, and introducing the light of the sun; creating an atmospherical firmament, wherein the clouds might move; separating sea from dry land; causing verdure to cloth the earth; revealing the sun and moon, as ruling and fixing the boundaries of day and night; and then bringing forth, in their order, fishes, birds, beasts, and lastly man, the ruler of them all. How simple, how grand, how plain, and yet how complete, is this Divine explanation, of *how*, and *when*, the human race began.

And what has Mr. Goodwin done to justify his bold assertion, that the whole is "the speculation of some Hebrew Descartes or Newton," who "asserted as facts what he knew only as probabilities?" *Nothing whatever*, but to set Hugh Miller in array against Dr. Buckland, in order that he might argue, that, as these two writers adopted different hypotheses, *therefore* "they mutually destroy one another." In truth, without Mr. Hugh Miller's late work, Mr. Goodwin would have wanted footing for his argument. On his own ground, he can gain no triumph over Dr. Buckland: the seeming advantage which he boasts, consists wholly in a repetition of Hugh Miller's arguments, and in an assumption that they have refuted Dr. Buckland.

Finally, we rejoice in recognizing in geology a substantial support to Christianity. The harmony between the two is indeed wonderful. Scripture teaches us, that at a certain time, about five thousand eight hundred and sixty years ago, the human race was placed on this earth by God; after the planet, previously waste and void, had been bounteously prepared for their habitation. Scripture, also, in its later portions, informs us of two coming facts, of the highest interest and importance: 1. That the present dispensation, or state of the earth, will be terminated by a fearful elementary convulsion (2 Pet. iii. 7); and, 2. That it will be followed by another and much more blessed state, in which there will be happiness unalloyed by suffering, and holiness undisturbed by sin.

In confirmation of these predictions, geology tells us—1. That although it can discover traces of previous states of the earth, and can find varieties of creatures who appear to have lived in those previous states or periods,—it still can find no trace of man in any of those preadamite ages: thus proving, in one most essential particular, the truth of the Mosaic record. It next tells us,—2. That there are unmistakable proofs of several great convulsions, which seem to have occurred in past and far-distant times;

and which must have been of the same kind with that coming event which the prophets foreshadow and predict. And 3. That it is abundantly proved, that the various past stages of the world's existence have been stages of *progress*: that the earliest age of which geology can find any traces, was an age without life; the next, an age with the lowest order of life; the next, an age of fishes; then, of animals of a low order; then, animals of a higher degree; then, of the ox, the horse, the deer, etc.; and lastly, of man himself. And thus, all past records agree in this one great principle, that each convulsion or change in the world's condition ushers in an advance—a step in the onward progress; and so confirms the hope held out by many of the prophets, that the next great change, like the last, and like former ones, will usher in a nobler and a better kind of inhabitants for the "new earth," than any which our globe has yet beheld.

Meanwhile, of Mr. Goodwin himself we can hold no other language than that of the severest condemnation. His assault upon the truth and credibility of Scripture is arrogant; his reasonings and his array of proofs are weak and unavailing. Remove from his argument that portion which consists of the conflict of Buckland with Miller, and what remains? Nothing of the slightest weight. That which is properly *his own*, his comparison of geological facts with the testimony of Scripture, is too weak and ineffective to stagger a child. But fearful is his own case. For, resolved and bent must he be on his purpose of destroying the authority of Scripture, when, upon such insufficient premises, he attempts to build the frightful conclusion, that the first chapter in Genesis is "false in fact," "misleading the world," "a human utterance," now "physically untenable," and the unscrupulous "assertion of facts" for which "the writer must have known that he had no authority."

VI. The next essay, by Mr. Pattison, is the least effective and most perplexing paper of the seven. It professes to describe "the tendencies of religious thought in England in 1688–1750." It is prosy, and dreary, and necessarily inconclusive. There is considerable difficulty in discovering or understanding the writers' drift or aim. On the whole, we deem the paper so ineffectual and innoxious, as not to require any separate or detailed examination.

VII. The last paper of the series occupies one hundred and four pages, and is, naturally, from its subject, and from the author's position, one of the most important and attractive pieces in the volume. We are in-

clined to hope, and to believe, that Mr. Jowett has not advanced nearly so far on the road to total unbelief as several of his coadjutors. His essay, which closes the series, is, like Dr. Temple's, which commences it, mild and temperate, and decorous in its language; and contains few of those gross profanities which shock and revolt us, and which are found in several of those which precede it. It tends to confirm the view of Mr. Jowett's state of mind which we had previously received from persons who are intimate with him,—as being a state of doubt, hesitation, and uncertainty,—which is full of discomfort to himself, and also to those with whom he is in habits of friendly intercourse.

Yet, although we have spoken of Mr. Jowett's paper as less offensive in its tone than several of the others, we cannot describe it, on a review of its general tenor, as any thing less than "deplorable." It offers to the reader little more than a repertory of doubts and difficulties. Mr. Jowett says of the Scriptures, that "they are a bond of union to the whole Christian world. *No one denies their authority.*" (P. 426.) And yet, in other places, he thus describes them:—

"There is no appearance in their writings, that the evangelists or apostles had any inward gift, or were subject to any power external to them different from that of preaching or teaching which they daily exercised; nor do they anywhere lead us to suppose that they were free from error or infirmity." (P. 345.) "Progressive revelation is necessarily imperfect in its earlier stages, and even erring to those who come after." (P. 348.) "Almost all intelligent persons are agreed that the earth has existed for myriads of ages; the best informed are of opinion that the history of nations extends back some thousand years before the Mosaic chronology; recent discoveries in geology may perhaps open a further vista of existence for the human species; while it is possible, and may one day be known, that mankind spread not from one but from many centres over the globe; or as others say, that the supply of links which are at present wanting in the chain of animal life, may lead to new conclusions respecting the origin of man."—P. 349.

Now, when this is the state of the case in Mr. Jowett's view, we should be glad to know what he can possibly mean, when he says of the Scriptures, that "no one denies their authority;" and again, that "all Christians receive the Old and New Testament as *sacred writings*?" (P. 330). What sort of *sacred* writings can those be, which are full of errors and misrepresentations;—or what sort of *authority* does Mr. Jowett recognize in books, one-half of the contents of which he rejects as untrue? But this palpable inconsistency is merely a revelation of the sad un-

certainly which possesses Mr. Jowett's mind. He retains a sort of traditional respect for the Scriptures, on the one hand; and yet the Rowland Williamsses and Baden Powells have possessed him with a spirit of scepticism on the other.

But what is the final drift, the ultimate end, of Mr. Jowett's long essay on the Interpretation of Scripture? It is one which, at first sight, we accept, and to which we give our assent. He comes to this conclusion, which he gives in the type of emphasis: "*Interpret the Scripture like any other book.*" He adds,—“It may be laid down that Scripture has one meaning,—the meaning which it had to the mind of the prophet or evangelist who first uttered or wrote, to the hearers or readers who first received it.” (P. 378). This is well, and if Mr. Jowett would only carry out this principle with honesty, there would remain but small ground of quarrel.

But we soon find that nothing is further from his wish or intention than thus simply to receive Scripture “in the meaning which it had to the prophet or evangelist who uttered or wrote it, and to the hearers or readers who first received it.” Let us give an instance or two.

Is there a plainer or simpler verse in the Bible than the 17th of the 4th chapter of 1 Thessalonians? Can there be a doubt as to St. Paul's meaning, or as to the meaning which the Thessalonians must have attached to his words? Yet Mr. Jowett can thus write; “A recent commentator on Scripture appears willing to peril religion on the literal truth of such an expression as, ‘We shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air.’” (P. 403.) Is this a specimen of Mr. Jowett's way of reading or interpreting Scripture, “*like any other book*”?

Again (at p. 387), in particularizing certain absurdities, from which he desires to deliver the interpreter of Scripture, he says,

“It saves him from the necessity of maintaining . . . that the books of Moses contain truths or precepts, such as *the duty of prayer* . . . which no one has ever seen there.”

We have been accustomed to suppose that Genesis is one of the books of Moses; and in that book we find repeated examples of prayer—as at chaps. xviii. 27; xx. 7, 17; xxiv. 12, 14, 63; xxv. 21, xxxii. 9. As to the personal history of Moses, the direct

mention of prayer in Exodus, Deuteronomy, etc., is too frequent to allow of an enumeration of instances. What, then, does Mr. Jowett mean by saying that “no one ever saw the duty of prayer in the books of Moses,” if he really “interprets Scripture like any other book”?

There is, however, an evil sense in which we may be said to “interpret Scripture *like any other book.*” When we read in the Koran, or in the Roman Breviary, stories of wondrous things done by Mahomet, or in the mediæval Church, we simply disbelieve them. Possibly Mr. Jowett means, that in reading the Scriptures we should read them with the same sort of incredulity with which we read the Koran or the Breviary. This sense, in which we might be said to “interpret Scripture like any other book,” would indeed be consistent with the rest of Mr. Jowett's essay; and with the general drift of the volume. But, then, what idle talk is it, to assure us that “all Christians receive the Old and New Testaments as sacred writings,” and that “no man denies their authority.” How much more manly, how much more befitting a distinguished teacher, would it be, to settle and define, at the outset, what the Scriptures *really are*; and then to proceed onward from that starting-point.

We had marked several other passages in Mr. Jowett's essay for remark, but our limits forbid us to go further at the present moment. On a future occasion, we may possibly return to the subject; but in this number we have only room for a few concluding words.

This volume of *Essays and Reviews* is the “Tract No. XC.” of the Broad Church School; and, like that famous production, it is issued for a certain important end. Tract XC. was meant to establish the principle, that a man might retain the orders and benefices of the Church, *without believing the Articles*. The present volume is meant to establish the principle, that a man may retain the orders and benefices of the Church *without believing the Bible*. Clearly, this is the worst and most perilous case of the two. Our present impression is, that the church must cleanse itself from this shame, or find its very existence endangered. But this is a serious and difficult question, and deserves a distinct examination. Our hope is that we may be permitted to address ourselves to this point, in our very next number.

From The Daily Advertiser.

AN ORATION

Delivered before the Municipal Authorities of the City of Boston on the 4th of July, 1860, by Edward Everett.

EIGHTY-FOUR years ago this day, the Anglo-American colonies, acting by their delegates to the Congress at Philadelphia, formally renounced their allegiance to the British crown and declared their independence. We are assembled, fellow-citizens, to commemorate the anniversary of that great day, and the utterance of that momentous declaration. The hand that penned its mighty sentences, and the tongue which, with an eloquence that swept all before it, sustained it on the floor of the Congress, ceased from among the living, at the end of half a century, on the same day, almost at the same hour, thirty-four years ago. The last survivor of the signers closed his venerable career six years later;—and of the generation sufficiently advanced in life to take a part in public affairs on the 4th of July, 1776, not one probably survives to hail this eighty-fourth anniversary. They are gone, but their work remains. It has grown in interest with the lapse of years, beginning already to add to its intrinsic importance those titles to respect which time confers on great events and memorable eras, as it hangs its ivy and plants its mosses on the solid structures of the past, and we have come together to bear our testimony to the day, the deed, and the men. We have shut up our offices, our warehouses, our workshops, we have escaped from the cares of business, may I not add from the dissensions of party, from all that occupies, and all that divides us, to celebrate, to *join* in celebrating, the birthday of the nation, with one heart and with one voice. We have come for this year 1860, to do our part in fulfilling the remarkable prediction of that noble son of Massachusetts, John Adams,—who, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, was “the Colossus of independence,—the pillar of its support on the floor of Congress.” Although the declaration was not adopted by Congress till the 4th of July (which has accordingly become the day of the anniversary), the resolution, on which it was founded, passed on the 2d instant. On the following day accordingly, John Adams in a letter to his wife, says, “Yesterday the greatest question was decided, that was ever debated in America, and greater perhaps never was nor will be decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, that these United States are and of right ought to be free and independent states.” Unable to restrain the fulness of his emotions, in another letter to his wife, but of the same

date, naturally assuming that the day on which the resolution was passed would be the day hereafter commemorated, he bursts out into this all but inspired strain:—

“The day is passed; the 2d of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore!

“You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure, that it will cost to maintain this Declaration and support and defend these states. Yet through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means; that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it,—which I trust in God we shall not.”

The time, which has elapsed since the great event took place is so considerable;—the national experience which has since accrued is so varied and significant,—the changes in our condition at home and our relations abroad are so vast, as to make it a natural and highly appropriate subject of inquiry, on the recurrence of the anniversary, how far the hopeful auguries, with which our independence was declared, have been fulfilled. Has “the gloom” which, in the language of Adams, shrouded the 4th of July, 1776, given way on this 4th of July, 1860, “to those rays of light and glory” which he predicted? Has “the end” as he fondly believed it would do, proved thus far to be more than “worth all the means”? Most signally, as far as he individually was concerned. He lived himself to enjoy more than a Roman triumph, in the result of that day's transaction; to sign with his brother envoys the treaty of peace, by which Great Britain acknowledged the independence of her ancient colonies; to stand before the British throne, the first representative of the newly constituted Republic; and after having filled its second office in connection with him, who, whether in peace or in war, could never fill any place but the first,—in office as in the hearts of his countrymen,—he lived to succeed to the great chief, and closed his honored career, as the elective chief magistrate of those United States, whose independence he had done so much to establish; with the rare additional felicity at the last of seeing his son elevated to the same station.

But the life of an individual is but a span

in the life of a nation ; the fortunes of individuals, for good or for evil, are but as dust in the balance, compared with the growth and prosperity, or the decline and fall of that greatest of human personalities, a commonwealth. It is, therefore, a more momentous inquiry, whether the great design of Providence, with reference to our beloved country, of which we trace the indications in the recent discovery of the continent, the manner of its settlement by the civilized races of the earth, the colonial struggles, the establishment of independence, the formation of a constitution of republican government, and its administration in peace and war for seventy years,—I say it is a far more important inquiry whether this great design of Providence is in a course of steady and progressive fulfilment,—marked only by the fluctuations, ever visible in the march of human affairs, and authorizing a well-grounded hope of further development, in harmony with these auspicious beginnings,—or whether there is reason, on the other hand, to fear that our short-lived prosperity is already (as misgivings at home and disparagement abroad have sometimes whispered) on the wane,—that we have passed the meridian,—and have now to look forward to an evening of degeneracy, and the closing in of a rayless and hopeless night of political decline.

You are justly shocked, fellow-citizens, at the bare statement of the ill-omened alternative, and yet the inquiry seems forced on us, by opinions, that have recently been advanced in high places abroad. In a debate in the House of Lords on the 19th of April, on a question relative to the extension of the elective franchise in England (the principle which certainly lies at the basis of a popular government), the example of the United States, instead of being held up for imitation in this respect, as has generally been the case, with reference to popular reforms, was referred to as showing not the advantages but the evils of an enlarged suffrage. It was emphatically asserted or plainly intimated by the person who took the lead in the debate (Earl Grey), whose family traditions might be expected to be strongly on the side of popular right, that in the United States, since the Revolutionary period and by the undue extension of the right of suffrage, our elections have become a mockery, our legislatures venal, our courts tainted with party spirit, our laws "cobwebs" which the rich and poor alike break through, and the country, and the government in all its branches, given over to corruption, violence, and a general disregard of public morality.

If these opinions are well founded, then certainly we labor under a great delusion in celebrating the national anniversary. In-

stead of joyous chimes and merry peals responding to the triumphant salvos which ushered in the day, the 4th of July ought rather to be commemorated by funeral bells, and minute guns, and dead marches ; and we, instead of assembling in this festal hall to congratulate each other on its happy return, should have been better found in sack-cloth and ashes in the house of penitence and prayer.

I believe that I shall not wander from the line of remark appropriate to the occasion, if I invite you to join me in a hasty inquiry, whether these charges and intimations are well founded ; whether we have thus degenerated from the standard of the Revolutionary age, whether the salutary checks of our system have been swept away, and our experiment of elective self-government has consequently become a failure ; whether in a word, the great design of Providence in the discovery, settlement, political independence, and national growth of the United States has been prematurely arrested by our perversity ; or whether, on the contrary, that design is not—with those vicissitudes, and drawbacks, and human infirmities of character, and uncertainties of fortune, which beset alike the individual man and the societies of men, in the old world and the new—in a train of satisfactory, hopeful, nay triumphant and glorious fulfilment.

And in the first place I will say that, in my judgment, great delicacy ought to be observed and much caution practised in these disparaging commentaries on the Constitution, laws, and administrations of friendly states ; and especially on the part of British and American statesmen in their comments on the systems of their two countries, between which there is a more intimate connection of national sympathy than between any two other nations. I must say that as a matter of taste and expediency, these specific arrangements of a foreign friendly country had better be left to the public press. Without wishing to put any limit to free discussion or to proscribe any expression of the patriotic complacency with which the citizens of one country are apt to assert the superiority of their own systems over those of all others, it appears to me that pungent criticisms on the constitutions and laws of foreign states, supported by direct personal allusions to those called to administer to them, are nearly as much out of place on the part of the legislative as of the executive branch of a government. On the part of the latter they would be resented as an intolerable insult ; they cannot be deemed less than offensive on the part of the former.

If there were no other objection to this practice, it would be sufficient, that its direct

tendency is to recrimination; a warfare of reciprocal disparagement on the part of conspicuous members of legislatures of friendly states. It is plain that a parliamentary warfare of this kind must greatly increase the difficulty of carrying on the diplomatic discussions, which necessarily occur between states whose commercial and territorial interests touch and clash at so many points; and the war of words is but too well adapted to prepare the public mind for more deplorable struggles.

Let me further also remark, that the suggestion which I propose to combat, viz., that the experiment of self-government on the basis of an extensive electoral franchise is substantially a failure in the United States, and that the country has entered upon a course of rapid degeneracy since the days of Washington, is not only one of great antecedent improbability, but is one which it might be expected, our brethren in England would be slow to admit. The mass of the population was originally of British origin, and the additional elements, of which it is made up, are from the other most intelligent and improvable races of Europe. The settlers of this continent have been providentially conducted to it, or have grown up upon it, within a comparatively recent and highly enlightened period; viz., the last two hundred and fifty years. Much of it they found lying in a state of nature, with no time-honored abuses to eradicate, abounding in most of the physical conditions of prosperous existence, with no drawbacks but those necessarily incident to new countries, or inseparable from human imperfection. Even the hardships they encountered, severe as they were, were well calculated to promote the growth of the manly virtues. In this great and promising field of social progress, they have planted, in the main, those political institutions, which have approved themselves in the experience of modern Europe and especially of England, as most favorable to the prosperity of a state; free representative governments; written constitutions and laws, greatly modelled upon hers, especially the trial by jury; a free and a cheap, and consequently all-pervading, press; responsibility of the ruler to the people; liberal provision for popular education, and very general voluntary and bountiful expenditure for the support of religion. If under these circumstances, the people of America, springing from such a stock, and trained in such a school, have failed to work out a satisfactory and a hopeful result; and especially if within the last sixty years (for that is the distinct allegation) and consequently since, from the increase of numbers, wealth, and national power, all the social forces of the country

have, for good or evil, been in higher action than ever before, there has been such marked degeneracy that we are now fit to be held up, not as a model to be imitated, but as an example to be shunned,—not for the credit but for the discredit of popular institutions,—then indeed the case must be admitted to be a strange phenomenon in human affairs,—disgraceful, it is true, in the highest degree to us,—not reflecting credit on the race from which we are descended, nor holding out encouragement anywhere for the adoption of liberal principles of government. If there is any feeling in England that can welcome the thought, that Americans have degenerated, the further reflection that it is the sons of Englishmen, who have degenerated, must chasten the sentiment. If there is any country, or any place, where this supposed state of things can be readily believed to exist, surely, it cannot be the parent country; it cannot be in that House of Commons, where Burke uttered those golden words, “my hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection.” It cannot be in that House of Peers, where Chatham, conscious that the colonies were fighting the battle not only of American but of English liberty, exclaimed “I rejoice that America has resisted.” It must be in Venice, it must be in Naples, or wherever else on the face of the earth, liberal principles are scoffed at, and constitutional freedom is known to exist only as her crushed and mangled form is seen to twitch and quiver under the dark pall of arbitrary power.

Before admitting the truth of such a supposition, in itself so paradoxical, in its moral aspects so mournful, in its natural influence on the progress of liberal ideas so discouraging, let us, for a few moments, look at facts.

The first object in the order of events, after the discovery of America, was, of course, its settlement by civilized man. It was not an easy task;—a mighty ocean separated the continent from the elder world,—a savage wilderness covered most of the country,—its barbarous and warlike inhabitants resisted from the first all coalescence with the new-comers. To subdue this waste, —to plant cornfields in the primeval forest, to transfer the civilization of Europe to the new world, and to make safe and sufficient arrangements, under political institutions, for the growth of free principles,—was the great problem to be solved. It was no holiday pastime,—no gainful speculation,—no romantic adventure; but grim, persistent, weary toil and danger. That it has been upon the whole performed with wonderful

success, who will deny? Where else in the history of the world have such results been brought about in so short a time? And if I desired, as I do not, to give this discussion the character of recrimination, might I not, dividing the period which has elapsed since the commencement of the European settlements in America into two portions, viz., the one which preceded and the one which has followed the Declaration of Independence,—the former under the sway of European governments,—England, Holland, France, Spain,—the latter under the government of the independent United States,—might I not claim for the latter, under all the disadvantages of a new government and limited resources, the credit of greatly superior energy and practical wisdom, in carrying on this magnificent work? It was the inherent vice of the colonial system that the growth of the American colonies was greatly retarded for a century, in consequence of their being involved in all the wars of Europe. There never was a period since Columbus sailed from Palos, in which the settlement of the country has advanced with such rapidity as within the last sixty years. The commencement of the Revolution found us with a population not greatly exceeding two millions; the census of 1800 a little exceeded five millions; that of the present year will not probably fall short of thirty-two millions. The two centuries and a half which preceded the Revolution witnessed the organization of thirteen colonies, to which the period that has since elapsed has added twenty states. I own it has filled me with amazement to find cities like Cincinnati and Louisville, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis, not to mention those still more remote, on spots which within the memory of man were frontier military posts;—to find railroads and electric telegraphs travelling forests, in whose gloomy shades, as late as 1789, the wild savage still burned his captives at the stake.

The desponding or the unfriendly censor will remind me of the blemishes of this tumultuous civilization;—outbreaks of frontier violence in earlier and later times;—acts of injustice to the native tribes (though the policy of the government toward them has in the main been paternal and conscientiously administered), the roughness of manners in infant settlements,—the collisions of adventurers not yet compacted into a stable society,—deeds of wild justice and wilder injustice,—border license, lynch law. All these I admit and I lament;—but a community cannot grow up at once from the log-cabin, with the wolf at the door and the savage in the neighboring thicket, into the order and beauty of communities, which have been ma-

turing for centuries. We must remember, too, that all these blemishes of an infant settlement, the inseparable accompaniment of that stage of progress and phase of society and life, have their counterpart at the other end of the scale, in the festering iniquities of large cities, the gigantic frauds of speculation and trade, the wholesale corruptions, in a word, of older societies. When I reflect that the day we celebrate found us a feeble strip of thirteen colonies along the coast, averaging at most a little more than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants each; and that this, its eighty-fourth return, sees us grown to thirty-three states, scattered through the interior and pushed to the Pacific, averaging nearly a million of inhabitants, each a well-compacted representative republic, securing to its citizens a larger amount of the substantial blessings of life, than are enjoyed by equal numbers of people, in the oldest and most prosperous states of Europe, I am lost in wonder; and, as a sufficient answer to the charge of degeneracy, I am tempted to exclaim, Look around you!

But, merely to fill up the wilderness with a population provided with the ordinary institutions and carrying on the customary pursuits of civilized life,—though surely no mean achievement, was by no means the whole of the work allotted to the United States, and thus far performed with signal activity, intelligence, and success. The founders of America and their descendants have accomplished more and better things. On the basis of a rapid geographical extension, and with the force of teeming numbers, they have, in the very infancy of their political existence, successfully aimed at higher progress in a generous civilization. The mechanical arts have been cultivated with unusual aptitude. Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, navigation, whether by sails or steam, and the art of printing in all its forms, have been pursued with surprising skill. Great improvements have been made in all these branches of industry, and in the machinery pertaining to them, which have been eagerly adopted in Europe. A more adequate provision has been made for popular education than in almost any other country. I believe that in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, more money in proportion to the population, is raised by taxation for the support of common schools, than in any other cities in the world. There are more seminaries in the United States, where a respectable academical education can be obtained,—more I still mean in proportion to the population,—than in any other country except Germany. The Fine Arts have reached a high degree of excellence.

The taste for music is rapidly spreading in town and country; and every year witnesses productions from the pencil and the chisel of American sculptors and painters, which would adorn any gallery in the world. Our astronomers, mathematicians, naturalists, chemists, engineers, jurists, publicists, historians, poets, novelists, and lexicographers, have placed themselves on a level with those of the elder world. The best dictionaries of the English language since Johnson, are those published in America. Our constitutions, whether of the United States or of the separate States, exclude all public provision for the maintenance of religion, but in no part of Christendom is it more generously supported. Sacred science is pursued as diligently and the pulpit commands as high a degree of respect in the United States, as in those countries where the Church is publicly endowed; while the American missionary operations have won the admiration of the civilized world. Nowhere, I am persuaded, are there more liberal contributions to public-spirited and charitable objects. In a word, there is no branch of the mechanical or fine arts, no department of science, exact or applied, no form of polite literature, no description of social improvement, in which, due allowance being made for the means and resources at command, the progress of the United States has not been satisfactory, and in some respects astonishing. At this moment the rivers and seas of the globe are navigated with that marvellous application of steam as a propelling power, which was first effected by Fulton; the monster steamship, which has just reached our shores, rides at anchor in the waters in which the first successful experiment of steam navigation was made. The harvests of the civilized world are gathered by American reapers; the newspapers which lead the journalism of Europe are printed on American presses; there are railroads in Europe constructed by American engineers and travelled by American locomotives; troops armed with American weapons, and ships of war built in American dockyards. In the factories of Europe there is machinery of American invention or improvement; in their observatories telescopes of American construction; and apparatus of American invention for recording the celestial phenomena. America contests with Europe the introduction into actual use of the electric telegraph, and her mode of operating it is adopted throughout the French empire. American authors in almost every department are found on the shelves of European libraries. It is true no American Homer, Virgil, Dante, Copernicus, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Newton, has risen on the world. These mighty geniuses seem to

be exceptions in the history of the human mind. Favorable circumstances do not produce them, nor does the absence of favorable circumstances prevent their appearance. Homer rose in the dawn of Grecian culture; Virgil flourished in the Court of Augustus; Dante ushered in the birth of the new European civilization; Copernicus was reared in a Polish cloister; Shakspeare was trained in the green room of the theatre; Milton was formed, while the elements of English thought and life were fermenting toward a great political and moral revolution; Newton under the profligacy of the Restoration. Ages may elapse before any country will produce a man like these; as two centuries have passed since the last mentioned of them was born. But if it is really a matter of reproach to the United States, that, in the comparatively short period of their existence as a people, they have not added another name to this illustrious list (which is equally true of all the other nations of the earth), they may proudly boast of one example of Life and Character, one career of disinterested service, one model of public virtue, one type of human excellence, of which all the countries and all the ages may be searched in vain for the parallel. I need not,—on this day I need not,—speak the peerless name. It is stamped on your hearts, it glistens in your eyes, it is written on every page of your history, on the battle-fields of the Revolution, on the monuments of your Fathers, on the portals of your capitol. It is heard in every breeze that whispers over the fields of Independent America. And he was all our own. He grew up on the soil of America; he was nurtured at her bosom. She loved and trusted him in his youth; she honored and revered him in his age; and though she did not wait for death to canonize his name, his precious memory, with each succeeding year, has sunk more deeply into the hearts of his countrymen.

But, as I have already stated, it was urged against us on the occasion alluded to, that within the last sixty years the United States have degenerated, and that by a series of changes, at first apparently inconsiderable, but all leading by a gradual and steady progression to the result, a very discreditable condition of things has been brought about in this country.

Without stating precisely what these supposed changes are, this "result" is set forth in a somewhat remarkable series of reproachful allegations, far too numerous to be repeated in detail, in what remains of this address, but implying in the aggregate, the general corruption of the country, political, social, and moral. The severity of these reproaches is not materially softened by a few

courteous words of respect for the American people. I shall in a moment select for examination two or three of the most serious of these charges, observing only at present that the prosperous condition of the country, which I have imperfectly sketched, and especially its astonishing growth, during the present century, in the richest products, material and intellectual, of a rapidly maturing civilization, furnish a sufficient defence against the general charge. Men do not gather the grapes and figs of science, art, taste, wealth, and manners from the thorns and thistles of lawlessness, venality, fraud, and violence. These fair fruits grow only in the gardens of public peace and industry protected by the law.

In the outset let it be observed then, that the assumed and assigned cause of the reproachful and deplorable state of things alleged to exist in the United States is as imaginary, as the effects are exaggerated or wholly unfounded in fact. The "checks established by Washington and his associates on an unbalanced democracy in the general government" have never, as is alleged, "been swept away,"—not one of them. The great constitutional check of this kind, as far as the general government is concerned, is the limitation of the granted powers of Congress; the reservation of the rights of the states; and the organization of the Senate as their representatives. These constitutional provisions, little comprehended abroad, which give to the smallest states equal weight with the largest, in one branch of the Legislature, impose a very efficient check on the power of a numerical majority; and neither in this nor in any other provision of the constitution, bearing on the subject, has the slightest change ever been made. Not only so, but the prevalent policy, since 1800, has been in favor of the reserved rights of the states, and in consequent derogation of the powers of the general government. In fact, when the Reform Bill was agitated in England and by the conservative statesmen of that country stigmatized as "a revolution," it was admitted that the United States possessed in their written Constitution and in the difficulty of procuring amendments to it, a conservative principle unknown to the English government.

In truth, if by "an unbalanced democracy" is meant such a government as that of Athens, or republican Rome, or the Italian Republics, or the English Commonwealth, or revolutionary France, there not only never was, but never can be, such a thing in the United States. The very fact that the great mass of the population is broken up into separate states, now thirty-three in number and rapidly multiplying, each with its local in-

terests and centre of political influence, is itself a very efficient check on such a democracy. Each of these states is a representative commonwealth, composed of two branches, with the ordinary divisions of executive, legislative, and judicial power. It is true, that in some of the states, some trifling property qualifications for eligibility and the exercise of the elective franchise have been abrogated, but not with any perceptible effect on the number or character of the voters. The system, varying a little in the different states, always made a near approach to universal suffrage; and the great increase of voters has been caused by the increase of population. Under elective governments, with a free press, with ardent party divisions, and questions that touch the heart of the people, petty limitations on the right of suffrage are indeed "cobwebs," which the popular will breaks through. The voter may be one of ten, or one of fifty of the citizens, but on such questions he will vote in conformity with the will and wish of the mass. If he resists it, the government itself, like that of France in 1848, will go down. Agitation and popular commotion scoff at checks and balances, and as much in England as in America. When Nottingham Castle is in ruins and half Bristol a heap of ashes, monarchs and ministers must bend. The Reform Bill must then pass "through parliament or over it," in the significant words of Lord Macaulay; and that, whether the constituencies are great or small. That a restricted suffrage and a limited constituency do not always insure independence on the part of the representative, may be inferred from the rather remarkable admission of Lord Grey, in this very debate, that "a large proportion of the members of the present House of Commons are, from various circumstances, afraid to act on their real opinions," on the subject of the Reform Bill before them.

I have already observed that it would be impossible, within the limits of this address to enter into a detailed examination of all the matters laid to our charge, on the occasion alluded to. The ministerial leader (Lord Granville) candidly admitted, in the course of the debate, that, though he concurred with his brother peer in some of his remarks "they were generally much exaggerated." We, too, must admit with regret, that for some of the statements made to our discredit, there is a greater foundation, in fact, than we could wish; that our political system like all human institutions, however wise in theory and successful in its general operation, is liable to abuse;—that party, the bane of all free governments, works its mischief here; that some bad men are raised to office and some good men excluded from

it; that public virtue here as elsewhere sometimes breaks down under the lust of place or of gold; that unwise laws are sometimes passed by our legislatures, and unpopular laws sometimes violated by the mob; in short, that the frailties and vices of men and of governments are displayed in republics as they are in monarchies, in the new world as in the old; whether to a greater, equal, or less degree, time must show. The question may as pertinently be asked of nations as of individuals, "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, and considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

An honest and impartial administration of justice is the corner-stone of the social system. The most serious charges brought against us, on the occasion alluded to, are, that, owing to the all-pervading corruption of the country, the judges of the supreme court of the United States, who once commanded the public respect at home and abroad, are now appointed for party purposes, and that some of their decisions have excited the disgust of all high-minded men; that the judges of most of the state courts hold their offices by election, some by annual election; that the undisputed dominion of the numerical majority, which has been established, will not allow the desires and passions of the hour to be checked by a firm administration of the law; and that in consequence the laws in this country have become mere cobwebs to resist either the rich, or the popular feeling of the moment; in a word that the American Astræa, like the goddess of old, has fled to the stars. I need not say, fellow-citizens, in your hearing, that wherever else this may be true (and I believe it to be true nowhere in the United States), it is not true in Massachusetts; and that Westminster Hall never boasted a court more honored or more worthy of honor, than that which holds its office by a life tenure and administers impartial justice, without respect of persons, to the people of Massachusetts.

Such a court the people of Massachusetts have no wish to change for an elective judiciary, holding office by a short tenure. In their opinion, evinced in their practice, this all-important branch of the government ought to be removed, as far as possible, beyond the reach of political influences; but it is surely the grossest of errors to speak of the tribunals of the United States as being generally tainted with party, or to represent the law, in the main, as having ceased to be respected and enforced. Taking a comprehensive view of the subject, and not drawing sweeping inferences from exceptional occurrences, it may be safely said that the law of

the land is ably, cheaply, and impartially administered in the United States and implicitly obeyed. On a few questions, not half a dozen in number since the organization of the government, and those partaking of a political character, the decisions of the court, like the questions to which they refer, have divided public opinion. But there is surely no tribunal in the world, which, like the supreme court of the United States, has, since the foundation of the government, not only efficiently performed the ordinary functions of a tribunal of the last resort, but which sits in judgment on the courts and legislatures of sovereign states, on acts of Congress itself, and pronounces the law to a confederation co-extensive with Europe. I know of no such protection, under any other government, against unconstitutional legislation, if, indeed, any legislation can be called unconstitutional, where parliament, alike in theory and practice, is omnipotent.

With respect to the partisan character of our courts, inferred from the manner in which the judges are appointed, the judges of the United States courts, which are the tribunals specifically reflected on, are appointed in the same manner and hold their offices by the same tenure as the English judges of the courts of common law. They are appointed for life, by the executive power, no doubt from the dominant party of the day, and this equally in both countries. The presiding magistrate of the other branch of English jurisprudence,—the lord-chancellor,—is displaced with every change in politics. In seventy-one years, since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, there have been but four chief justices of the United States, and the fourth is still on the bench. In thirty-three years there have been nine appointments of a lord-chancellor, on as many changes of administration, and seven different individuals have filled the office, of whom five are living. As a member of the cabinet, and speaker of the House of Lords, he is necessarily deep in all the political controversies of the day, and his vast official influence and patronage are felt throughout church and state. The chief justice of England is usually a member of the House of Lords, sometimes a member of the cabinet. As a necessary consequence, on all questions of a political nature, the court is open to the same suspicion of partisanship as in the United States, and for a much stronger reason, inasmuch as our judges can never be members of the cabinet or of Congress. During a considerable part of his career, Lord Mansfield was engaged in an embittered political warfare with the Earl of Chatham, in the House of Lords. All the resources of the English

language were exhausted by Junius in desolating and unpunished party libels on the chief justice of England; and when the capital of the British empire lay for six days at the mercy of Lord George Gordon's mob, its fury was concentrated against the same venerable magistrate.

The jurisprudence of this country strikes its roots deep into that of England. Her courts, her magistrates, her whole judicial system, are regarded by the profession in America with respect and affection. But if, beginning at a period coeval with the settlement of America, we run down the line of the chancellors and chief justices, from Lord Bacon and Sir Edward Coke to the close of the last century, it will, in scarce any generation, be found free from the record of personal, official, and political infirmity, from which an unfriendly censor might have drawn inferences hostile to the integrity of the tribunals of England, if not to the soundness of her public sentiment. But he would have erred. The character of governments and of nations must be gathered from a large experience, from general results, from the testimony of ages. A thousand years, and a revolution in almost every century, have been necessary to build up the constitutional fabric of England to its present proportions and strength. Let her not play the unfriendly censor, if some portions of our newly constructed state machinery are sometimes heard to grate and jar. With respect to the great two-edged sword, with which Justice smites the unfaithful public servant, the present lord-chancellor (late chief justice) of England observes, of the acquittal of Lord Melville, in 1806, that "it showed that impeachment can no longer be relied upon for the conviction of state offences, and can only be considered as a test of party strength;" while of the standard of professional literature, the same venerable magistrate, who unites the vigor of youth to the experience and authority of four-score years, remarks, with a candor not very flattering to the United States, that down to the end of the reign of George the Third (A.D. 1820), "England was excelled by contemporary juridical authors, not only in France, Italy, and Germany, but *even* America." I will only add, that, of the very great number of judges of our federal and state courts—although frugal salaries, short terms of office, and the elective tenure may sometimes have called incompetent men to the bench,—it is not within my recollection, that a single individual has been suspected even of pecuniary corruption.

Next in importance to the integrity of the courts, in a well-governed state, is the honesty of the Legislature. A remarkable in-

stance of wholesale corruption, in one of the new states of the west, consisting of the alleged bribery of a considerable number of the members of the Legislature, by a corrupt distribution of railroad bonds, is quoted by Lord Grey, as a specimen of the corruption which has infected the legislation both of Congress and of the states, and as showing "the state of things which has arisen in that country." It was a very discreditable occurrence certainly (if truly reported, and of that I know nothing), illustrative I hope, not of "a state of things," which has arisen in America, but of the degree to which large bodies of men, of whom better things might have been expected, may sometimes become so infected, when the mania of speculation is epidemic, that principle, prudence, and common sense break down in the eagerness to clutch at sudden wealth. In a bubble season the ordinary rules of morality lose their controlling power for a while, under the temptation of the day. The main current of private morality in England, probably flowed as deep and strong as ever, both before and after the South Sea frauds, when cabinet ministers and court ladies and some of the highest personages in the realm ran mad after dishonest gains, and this in England's Augustan age. Lord Granville in reply, observed that the "early legislation of England, in such matters, was not so free from reproach, as to justify us in attributing the bribery in America, solely to the democratic character of the government," and the biographer of George Stephenson furnishes facts which abundantly confirm the truth of this remark. After describing the extravagant length, to which railway speculation was carried in that country in 1844-1845, Mr. Smiles proceeds:—

"Parliament, whose previous conduct in connection with railway legislation was so open to reprehension, interposed no check, attempted no remedy. On the contrary, it helped to intensify the evil arising from this unseemly state of things. Many of its members were themselves involved in the mania, and as much interested in its continuance as even the vulgar herd of money-grubbers. The railway prospectuses now issued, unlike the Liverpool and Manchester and London and Birmingham schemes, were headed by peers, baronets, landed proprietors, and strings of M.P.'s. Thus it was found in 1845 that not fewer than one hundred and fifty-seven members of parliament were on the list of new companies, as subscribers for sums ranging from two hundred and ninety-one thousand pounds sterling [not far from a million and a half of dollars] downwards! The proprietors of new lines even came to boast of their parliamentary strength, and the number of votes they could command in 'the House.' The influence which land-owners had formerly brought to bear upon parliament, in resisting railways, when called

for by the public necessities, was now employed to carry measures of a far different kind, originated by cupidity, knavery, and folly. But these gentlemen had discovered, by this time, that railways were as a golden mine to them. They sat at railway boards, sometimes selling to themselves their own land, at their own price, and paying themselves with the money of the unfortunate stockholders. *Others used the railway mania as a convenient, and to themselves inexpensive, mode of purchasing constituencies.* It was strongly suspected that honorable members adopted what Yankee legislators call 'log-rolling;' that is, 'you help me to roll my log, and I will help you roll yours.' At all events, it is a matter of fact, that, through parliamentary influence, many utterly ruinous branches and extensions, projected during the mania, calculated only to benefit the inhabitants of a few miserable old boroughs, accidentally omitted from schedule A., were authorized in the memorable session of 1844-45."—*Smiles' Life of Stephenson*, p. 371.

These things, be it remembered, took place, not in a newly gathered republic, just sprouting, so to say, into existence on the frontier, inhabited by the pioneers of civilization, who had rather rushed together, than grown up to the moral traditions of an ancient community; but they took place at the metropolis of the oldest monarchy in Europe, the centre of the civilized world, where public sentiment is propped by the authority of ages; heart of old English oak encased with the life circles of a thousand years. I was in London at the height of the mania: I saw the railway king, as he was called, at the zenith of his power; a member of parliament, through which he walked quietly, it was said, "with sixteen railway bills under his arm;" almost a fourth estate of the realm; his receptions crowded like those of a royal prince; and I saw the gilded bubble burst. But I did not write home to my government, that this marvellous "state of things" showed the corruption which springs from hereditary institutions, nor did I hint that an extension of the right of suffrage and a moderate infusion of the democratic principle was the only remedy.

I have time for a few words only on the "unscrupulous and overbearing tone" which is said by Lord Grey to "mark our intercourse with foreign nations."

"If any one European nation," he observes, "were to act in the same manner, it could not escape war for a single year. We ourselves have been repeatedly on the verge of a quarrel with the United States. With no divergence of interest, but the strongest possible interest on both sides to maintain the closest friendship, we have more than once been on the eve of a quarrel; and that great calamity has only been avoided, because the government of this country has had the good sense to treat the government of the United States much as we should treat

spoiled children, and, though the right was clearly on our side, has yielded to the unreasonable pretensions of the United States. There is danger that this may be pushed too far, and that a question may arise, on which our honor and our interests will make concession on our part impossible."

No one is an impartial judge in his own case. If we should meet these rather indiscreet suggestions in the only way in which a charge without specifications can be met,—by a denial as broad as the assertion,—the matter would be left precisely as it stood before; that is, each party in its national controversies thinks itself right and its opponent wrong, which is not an uncommon case in human affairs, public and private. This at least may be added, without fear of contradiction, that the United States, in their intercourse with foreign governments have abstained from all interference in European politics, and have confined themselves to the protection of their own rights and interests. As far as concerns theoretical doctrines on the subjects usually controverted between governments, a distinguished English magistrate and civilian pronounces the authority of the United States "to be always great upon all questions of international law." (R. Phillimore's *International Law*, Vol. iii. p. 252.) Many of the questions which have arisen between this country and England, have been such as most keenly touch the national susceptibilities. That in discussing these questions, at home and abroad, no despatch has been written, no word uttered, in a warmer tone than might be wished, is not to be expected, and is as little likely to have happened on one side of the water as the other. But that the intercourse of the United States with Great Britain has, in the main, been conducted, earnestly indeed, as becomes powerful states treating important subjects, but courteously, gravely, and temperately, no one well acquainted with the facts will, I think, deny.

It would not be difficult to pass in review our principal controversies with England, and to show that when she has conceded any portion of our demands, it has not been because they were urged in "an unscrupulous and overbearing tone" (an idea not very complimentary to herself), but because they were founded in justice and sustained by argument. This is not the occasion for such a review. In a public address, which I had the honor of delivering in this hall last September, I vindicated the negotiations relative to the north-eastern boundary from the gross and persistent misrepresentations of which they have been the subject; and I will now only briefly allude to by far the most important chapter in our diplomatic

history. It will show, by a very striking example, whether, in her intercourse with foreign nations, America has been in the habit of assuming an unscrupulous and overbearing tone, or whether she has been the victim of those qualities on the part of others.

After the short-lived peace of Amiens, a new war of truly Titanic proportions, broke out between France and England. In the progress of this tremendous struggle, and for the purpose of mutual destruction, a succession of imperial decrees and orders in council were issued by the two powers, by which all neutral commerce was annihilated. Each of the great belligerents maintained that his adversary's decree was a violation of international law; each justified his own edict on the ground of retaliation; and between these great conflicting forces the rights of neutrals were crushed. Under these orders and decrees, it is estimated that one hundred millions of American property were swept from the ocean;—of the losses and sufferings of our citizens, in weary detention for years at courts of admiralty and vice-admiralty all round the globe, there can be no estimate. But peace returned to the world; time wore away; and after one generation of the original sufferers had sunk, many of them sorrow-stricken and ruined, into the grave, the government of King Louis Philippe, in France, acknowledged the wrong of the imperial *regime*, by a late and partial measure of indemnification.* England, in addition to the capture of our ships and the confiscation of their cargoes, had subjected the United States to the indignity of taking her seamen by impressment from our vessels—a practice which, in addition to its illegality and cruelty, often led to the impressment of our own citizens, both naturalized and native. For this intolerable wrong (which England herself would not have endured a day, from any foreign power), and for the enormous losses accruing under the orders in council, the United States not only never received any indemnification, but the losses and sufferings of a war of two years and half duration were superadded. These orders were at the time regarded by the liberal school of British statesmen as unjust and oppressive towards neutrals; and though the eminent civilian, Sir William Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell), who presided in the British court of admiralty, and who had laid the foundations of a princely fortune by fees accruing in prize causes,† deemed it

"extreme indecency" to admit the possibility, that the orders in council could be in contravention of the public law, it is now the almost universal admission of the text-writers, that such was the case. As lately as 1847, the present lord-chancellor,—then lord chief justice of England,—used this remarkable language: "Of these orders in council, Napoleon had no right to complain; but they were grievously unjust to neutrals; and it is now generally allowed, that they were contrary to the law of nations, and to our own municipal law!"

These liberal admissions have come too late to repair the ruined fortunes, or to heal the broken hearts of the sufferers; they will not recall to life the thousands who fell on hard-fought fields, in defence of their country's rights. But they do not come too late to rebuke the levity with which it is now intimated, that the United States stand at the august bar of the public law, not as reasoning men, but as spoiled children; not too late to suggest the possibility to candid minds, that the next generation may do us the like justice, with reference to more recent controversies.*

Thus, fellow-citizens, I have endeavored, without vain-glorying with respect to ourselves, or bitterness toward others, but in a spirit of candor and patriotism, to repel the sinister intimation, that a fatal degeneracy is stealing over the country; and to show that the eighty-fourth anniversary finds the United States in the fulfilment of the glowing anticipations, with which, in the self-same instrument, their INDEPENDENCE was inaugurated, and their UNION first proclaimed. No formal act had as yet bound them together; no plan of confederation had even been proposed. A common allegiance embraced them, as parts of one metropolitan empire; but when that tie was sundered, they became a group of insulated and feeble communities, not politically connected with each other, nor known as yet in the family of nations. Driven by a common necessity, nearning toward each other with a common sympathy of trial and of danger, piercing with wise and patriotic foresight into the depths of ages yet to come,—led by a Divine Counsel,—they clung together with more than elective affinity, and declared the independence of the UNITED STATES. North and South, great and small, Massachusetts

* By the treaty negotiated with great skill by Hon. W. C. Rives.

† Sketch of the Lives of Lords Stowell and Eldon, by William Edward Surtees, D.C.L. [a relative], p. 88.

* Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, vol. vii. p. 218; Story's Miscellaneous Writings, p. 283; Phillimore's International Law, vol. iii, pp. 250, 539; Manning's Commentary on the Law of Nations, p. 330; Wildman's Institutes of International Law, vol. ii, pp. 183, 185; also, the French publicists, Hautefeuille and Ortolan, under the appropriate heads.

and Virginia, the oldest and then the largest; New York and Pennsylvania, unconscious as yet of their destined preponderance, but already holding the central balance; Rhode Island and Delaware, raised by the Union to a political equality with their powerful neighbors, joined with their sister republics in the august declaration for themselves and for the rapidly multiplying family of states, which they beheld in prophetic vision. This great charter of independence was the life of the Revolution; the sword of attack, the panoply of defence. Under the consummate guidance of Washington, it sustained our fathers under defeat, and guided them to victory. It gave us the alliance with France, and her auxiliary armies and navies. It gave us the Confederation and the Constitution. With successive strides of progress, it has crossed the Alleghanies, the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri; has stretched its living arms almost from the arctic circle to the tepid waters of the Gulf; has belted the continent with rising states; has unlocked the golden treasuries of the Sierra Madre; and flung out the banners of the Republic to the gentle breezes of the peaceful sea. Not confined to the continent, the power of the Union has convoyed our commerce over the broadest oceans to the furthest isles; has opened the gates of the morning to our friendly intercourse; and,—sight unseen before in human history,—has, from that legendary Cipango, the original object of the expedition of Columbus, brought their swarthy princes, on friendly embassy, to the western shores of the world-dividing ocean.

Meantime, the gallant Frenchmen, who fought the battles of liberty on this continent, carried back the generous contagion to their own fair land. Would that they could have carried with it the moderation and the wisdom that tempered our revolution! The great idea of constitutional reform in England, a brighter jewel in her crown than that of which our fathers bereft

it, is coeval with the successful issue of the American struggle. The first appeal of revolutionary Greece, an appeal not made in vain, was for American sympathy and aid. The golden vice-royalties of Spain on this continent asserted their independence in imitation of our example, though sadly deficient in previous training in the school of regulated liberty; and now, at length, the fair "Niobe of Nations," accepting a constitutional monarchy as an instalment of the long-deferred debt of freedom, sighs through all her liberated states for a representative confederation, and claims the title of the Italian Washington for her heroic Garibaldi.

Here then, fellow-citizens, I close where I began; the noble prediction of Adams is fulfilled. The question decided eighty-four years ago in Philadelphia was the greatest question ever decided in America; and the event has shown that greater, perhaps, never was nor ever will be decided among men. The great declaration, with its life-giving principles has, within that interval, exerting its influence, from the central plains of America to the eternal snows of the Cordilleras, from the western shores of the Atlantic to the furthest east, crossed the earth and the ocean, and circled the globe. Nor let us fear that its force is exhausted, for its principles are as broad as humanity,—as eternal as truth. And if the visions of patriotic seers are destined to be fulfilled: if it is the will of Providence that the lands which now sit in darkness shall see the day; that the south and east of Europe and the west of Asia shall be regenerated; and the ancient and mysterious regions of the East, the cradle of mankind, shall receive back in these latter days from the west the rich repayment of the early debt of civilization, and rejoice in the cheerful light of constitutional freedom, that light will go forth from Independence Hall in Philadelphia; that lesson of constitutional freedom they will learn from this day's Declaration.

M. H. BAILLIERE, Regent Street, has in the press a "Manual of Medical Zoölogy: containing a detailed description of animals useful in medicine, and also general considerations on the organization and classification of animals, and a *resumé* of the natural history of mankind," by A. Moquin-Tandon, edited by Dr. Hulme.

THE German painter, Haimann, has offered to the "Comitato Veneto" of Turin a beautiful picture, called "A Sunset of Venice," for the Venetian emigrants, in acknowledgment of the hospitality shown him during his residence in Venice.

From The North British Review.

Brazil and the Brazilians, Portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches. By Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D., and Rev. J. C. Fletcher. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. London: Trübner and Co. 1857.

It is quite true, as our authors allege, that great ignorance of Brazil prevails both in Britain and in the United States. Few have been accustomed to think of it as a great constitutional monarchy, ruled over by a wise and accomplished prince. The popular notion has been the prevalent one even among educated men. It has been regarded as a land of "mighty rivers and virgin forests, palm-trees and jaguars, anacondas and alligators, howling monkeys and screaming parrots, diamond mining, revolutions, and earthquakes." If other figures have been added to the picture, they have not made it more attractive, for they have been figures of men stricken with ague and yellow fever, of negroes and negro-drivers, of mining desperadoes and of political despots, of importunate beggars, and of a superstitious priesthood. Whence these current views have been derived, it would not be easy to determine. We have to thank Gardner, Ewbank, Waterton, Wallace, and the authors of this peculiarly interesting volume, for setting us right on all these topics. Some of the features, both moral and physical, now referred to, are characteristic, but these do no more than supply a dark background, on which to bring more attractive figures out in sunlight. This faithful portraiture of Brazil and the Brazilians, will not fail to be influential. New channels will be opened up for the streams of British and North American enterprise; and the sympathies of the Anglo-Saxon race, will cluster more closely round this great people, and their present justly esteemed great prince.

The work now noticed is the joint effort of the Rev. Dr. Kidder, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, and of the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, of the Presbyterian Church, who recently visited Brazil as missionary travellers, and the latter of whom held, for some time, the post of acting secretary of the United States' legation at Rio de Janeiro. This brotherhood of energy, enterprise, and love for, and devotion to, missionary work, between representatives of the leading ecclesiastical denominations of America, is peculiarly graceful. As the sketches bear to be historical and descriptive, our brief notice of them shall assume the same form.

The introduction into Spain and Portugal of the knowledge of the polarity of the needle,

and the application of it in maritime enterprise, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, soon began to change the political condition of these countries. The mariners of the Peninsula hastened to use it for purposes of national aggrandizement. In a few years, wondering Europe was told of lands, the tidings of whose beauty, fertility, mineral wealth, and varied forms of animal life and of vegetation, acted very powerfully, especially on the warm imaginations of the people of the South. At a period, so early as 1486, Portuguese voyagers had sailed down the western coasts of Africa, and had doubled the Cape of Good Hope. The dream of lands beyond that great ocean, out on which for ages men had looked from the bold headlands of Lusitania, was realized. In 1498, Columbus cast anchor at the mouth of the Orinoco. The sanguine southern mind was deeply agitated when the treasures from the "New World" were spread out before them. Poets* sung of them,—soldiers dreamed of conquest,—statesmen of aggrandizement,—the multitudes of never-failing wealth, and "The Holy See" of wider absolute influence. In 1500, the Portuguese navigator, Pedro Alvares Cabral, discovered Brazil, took possession of it in the name of his sovereign, Dom Immanuel, and named it *Vera Cruz*. In 1503, a second expedition was sent out. The Florentine, Americus Vespucius, whose name is now more intimately associated with the western world, than that either of Cabral or Columbus, joined this. As the most remarkable part of the cargo which Vespucius brought to Europe, was the dyewood—*caesalpinia Braziliensis*—called in Portuguese, pau Brazil, on account of its resemblance to *brazas*—"coals of fire,"—the name of Brazil was given to the newly discovered region. Portugal continued to hold it, and governed it by viceroys sent from the mother country, up to the year 1803, when the prince regent, Dom John VI., was forced to leave Portugal on account of the part he had taken with Napoleon against England and the Allies. He carried with him the fruits of the civilization of the Old World. Commerce grew in importance,—printing presses were set up,—libraries founded,—colleges opened,—and all the social habits and fashions of Portugal began

* "What wars they wag'd, what seas, what dangers pass'd,

What glorious empire crowned their toils at last;

Vent'rous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,
And all my country's wars the song adorn'd:
What kings, what heroes, of my native land,
Thunder'd on Asia's and on Afric's strand;
Illustrious shades, who levelled in the dust
The idol temples, and the shrines of lust."

De Camões.

to prevail on the shores of the Bay of Rio. The remaining historical incidents are well known. Dom John returned to his native land, after having resigned the government into the hands of his son, the well-known Dom Pedro. Soon Brazil broke off from the mother country, and set up as a constitutional and independent state, and it now occupies such a place in South America as the United States does in North.

Mr. Fletcher visited Brazil in 1851, at a season when the Hudson and Potomac were bridged over with ice; but as he entered the Bay of Rio, he found the balmy breezes blowing,—the palm-trees in full foliage, waving above the world of vegetation around them, and all nature rejoicing in the warm sunlight. The entrance to the bay is exceedingly beautiful:—

"On either side of that contracted entrance, as far as the eye can reach, stretch away the mountains whose pointed and fantastic slopes, recall the glories of Alpland. On our left, the Sugar Loaf stands like a giant sentinel to the metropolis of Brazil. The round and green summits of the Tres Irmaos (Three Brothers), are in strong contrast with the peaks of Corcovado and Tijuca; while the Gavia rears its huge sail-like form, and half hides the fading line of mountains which extends to the very borders of Rio Grande do sul. On the right, another lofty range commences near the principal fortress which commands the entrance of the bay, and forming curtain-like ramparts, reaches away, in picturesque headlands, to the bold promontory, well known to all South Atlantic navigators, as Cape Trio. Far through the opening of the bay, and, in some places, towering even above the lofty coast barrier, can be discovered the blue outline of the distant Organ Mountains, whose lofty pinnacles will at once suggest the origin of their name. The general effect is truly sublime; but, as the vessel draws nearer to the bold shore, and we see, on the sides of the double mount which rises in the rear of Santa Cruz, the peculiar bright-leaved woods of Brazil, with here and there the purple-blooming quaresma tree; and, when we observe that the snakelike cacti and rich-flowering parasites shoot forth and hang down from the jagged and precipitous sides of the Sugar Loaf; and, as we single out, in every nook and crevice, new evidences of a genial and prolific clime, emotion, before overwhelmed by the vastness of the outline, now unburdens itself in every conceivable exclamation of surprise and admiration."

The interior of Rio Janeiro is graphically sketched, and the accompanying artistic engravings help us to realize, very fully, the aspect and condition of the city. The degrading influences of Romish worship are dwelt on and fully illustrated,* and a de-

*Sights of superstition, surpassing even those which, during religious festivals, we have witnessed on the Continent, are very frequently met with in Brazil. The Romanist population delight in the

servedly high tribute is paid to the Brazilian authorities for their attention to their much needed hospitals. A number of *Irmãdades*, or brotherhoods, have been formed, on whom devolve the unpleasant, and frequently, dangerous duties of the hospitals. The account of them given by our authors is deeply interesting. The scenes, however, witnessed at the Foundling Hospital, are of a very different description, and afford us a glimpse into a dark gulf of misery, degradation, cruelty, and abounding sin.

The beggars of Brazil seem to be a highly privileged class, and to drive a singularly lucrative business:—

"Some are carried in a rede by two slaves, or drawn by one. One worthy rejoices in a little carriage pulled by a fat sheep; and another, a footless man, rides on a white horse. Sometimes, in country parts, beggars, whose pedal extremities are free from all derangement, play the cavalier, altogether disdaining to foot it, and seem to receive none the less charity than if they trudged from door to door. Upon one occasion, a female beggar, adorned with a feather in her bonnet, and mounted on horseback, rode up to a friend of mine at St. Alexio, and demanding alms, was exceedingly indignant at any inquiries as to the consistency of her costume."

We much like the way in which Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher look at the "peculiar institutions." Their book will be very useful on this question, in the United States. The free, loving, and truthful longings as to the slave's future, will find their way to hearts which will never open to the overdrawn pictures of professional abolitionists. Brazil, too, shows an example which the states might well imitate. Slavery is indeed allowed by law; but the inhuman African traffic is forbidden, and every facility given to the slave to work out his freedom. And once free, he may rise by talent and energy, to the highest offices in the state.

The following notice of a new disease is painfully interesting:—

"At Limeira I became aware of a new disease, which, like the *goitre*, seems to be confined to certain localities. I was sitting in the office of Dr. —, conversing with him in regard to dramatized religious mysteries which are still favorites in the mother-country. Very ludicrous incidents often come to be mixed up with these. "A civilized Indian, by the promise of *muito cachaca* (plenty of rum), consented to personify our Saviour on the cross. His position was a trying one; and, at the foot of the crucifix stood a bucket filled with rum, in which was a sponge attached to a long reed. The individual whose duty it was to refresh the *caboclo*, forgot his office, while carried away by the florid eloquence of the *padre*. The Indian, however, did not forget his contract, and to the astonishment, as well as amusement of the audience, shouted out, '*O Senhor Judeio, Senhor Judeio, mais jê!*'" (O Mister Jew, Mister Jew, a little more gally!)"

Brazil, when I observed a Portuguese, about sixty years of age, enter, and demand, with great earnestness, if he thought that he could live. Soon after, a middle-aged Brazilian came, and, seeming to cling to the words of the physician as tenaciously as to a divine oracle, made nearly the same interrogatory. Neither of these men appeared in ill-health, and, if I had not heard them state that they had great difficulty in swallowing, I would have considered them in a perfect sanitary condition. Upon inquiry, I ascertained from the doctor, that these men had a disease which is widely prevalent in some portions of interior Brazil, but he has never seen a notice of it in any medical work whatever. The Brazilians call it *mal de engasgo*. The first indication of its existence is a difficulty in swallowing. The patient can swallow dry substances better than fluids. Wine or milk can be drunk with more facility than water; still, both are attended with difficulty. To take thin broth is an impossibility. In some cases, fluids have been conveyed to the stomach in connection with some solid. The person thus afflicted appears to be in good health, but, in five or six years, death ensues from actual starvation. The suffering of such a one was described to me as most horrible."

To as many of our readers as have a taste for descriptions of forest scenery, we can promise gratification in abundance, if they will turn to page 277, and follow Mr. Fletcher into the blooming woods of the Serra dos Orgões:—

"In the months of April and May (October and November in Brazil), only the autumnal tints of our gorgeous North American woods can compare with the sight of the forest of the Serra dos Orgões. Then the various species of the *Laurus* are blooming, and the atmosphere is loaded with the rich perfumes of their tiny snow-white blossoms. The *Cassia* then put forth their millions of golden flowers, while, at the same time, huge trees—whose native names would be more unintelligible, though less pedantic, than their botanic terms of *Sasandra Fontanesia*, and others of the *Melastoma* tribe—are in full bloom; and, joining rich purple to the brightest yellow, present, together with gorgeously clothed shrubs, 'flowers of more mingled hue than her (Iris)' purpled scarf can show.' From time to time, a silk-cotton tree (the *Chorisia speciosa*) shoots up its lofty hemispherical top, covered with thousands of beautiful large rose-colored blossoms, which gratefully contrast with the masses of vivid green, purple, and yellow, that clothe the surrounding trees. Floral treasures are heaped on every side. Wild vines, twisted into most fantastic forms, or hanging in graceful festoons,—passion-flowers, trumpet-flowers and fuchsias in their native glory,—tree-ferns, whose elegance of form is only surpassed by the tall, gently curved *palmito*, which is the very embodiment of the line of beauty,—orchids, whose flowers are of as soft a tint as the blossom of the peach-tree, or as brilliant as red spikes of fire,—curious and eccentric *epiphytes*, draping naked rocks, or the decaying branches of old forest monarchs,

—all form a scene enrapturing to the naturalist; and bewildering, with its richness, to the uninitiated, who still appreciate the beauty and the splendor that are scattered on every side, by the Hand Divine. The overpowering sensation which one experiences, when entering an extensive conservatory filled with the choicest plants, exotics of the rarest description, and odor-laden flowers, is that (multiplied a thousand-fold), which filled my mind as I gazed, for the first time, upon the landscape, with its tiers of mountains, robed in such drapery as that described above; and yet there was such a feeling of liberty, incompatible with the sensation expressed by the word 'overpowering,' that it is impossible to define it. In the province of *Minas Geraes*, from a commanding point, I once beheld the magnificent forest in bloom; and, as the hills and undulating plains stretched far away to the horizon, they seemed to be enveloped in a fairy mist of purple and of gold."

The notices of the geography and natural history of some of the vast regions visited by the enterprising missionaries, are full of novelty and interest. San Paulo, Bahia, Pernambuco, and Pará, are described in a way which will not fail to give "the untravelled" very distinct pictures of them. So, too, are the strange lands which form the basins of the Rio di Francisco and the mighty Amazon. The references to the fauna of the Brazils, are not the least interesting portions of this work. The naturalist will see what scope there is for him in those luxuriant lands, and what promise of discovery of new species is held out to him. Among the hills which stretch away beyond the Bay of Jurujuba, the little, active, buckler-clad *Armadillo*, throws up the earth in which he loves to burrow, and, when disturbed, coils himself up, hedgehog-like, exposing to his enemy only a ball of mail, against which tooth of dog and beak of bird of prey, are powerless; or, when caught on the sunny slopes of the red-colored hills, he quickly assumes this ball-like form—"swallows himself," as they say—and rolls quietly down the hill as if he were a stone, or some huge coconut, struck by the feet of the climber. In the neighborhood of the secluded pools among the Organ Mountains, the *South American Tapirs* spend their harmless lives, feeding on roots, and buds, and wild fruit. The *Peccari* is met in flocks in the wild woods. In size much less than the tapir, the peccari has nothing of the timidity which belongs to its larger neighbor. "It is," says Mr. Fletcher, "the most pugnacious fellow imaginable. Neither men nor dogs inspire reverence, for he will attack both with impunity." The *Myrmecophaga*, or Ant-eaters, wander about, making much esteemed havoc on the destructive ants, which swarm in all such climes. "The *Paca*, the

Capybara, and the *Agouti*—animals of the same family as marmots and beavers—abound. Lurking by the banks of rivers, in the dense jungle, overshadowed with species of palm-trees, the *Jaguar*, or Brazilian tiger (*Felis Onça*), watches his opportunity for springing on his prey. In the northern province of Mato Grasso, vast numbers of monkeys are found. Skipping across the traveller's path, hanging in "lovely deformity" from the branches of the trees, and looking, with stupid grin, around him, may be seen the *Bald-headed Brachyurus*,—the monkey which is answerable for the long-credited story of a race of Indians with tails.

Or turn we to the birds, not less varied and novel are the species found in Brazil. There are *Parrots*, in gayest garb, chattering among the trees; *Toucans*, with their huge bills, goggle eyes, and gorgeous plumage; *Humming-birds*, of rare beauty, sparkling in the sunshine, and sipping sweets from tube roses, jessamines, and heliotropes; *Urupongas*, or Tolling-bell birds, looking knowing, with their three-inch long fleshy tubercle, hanging sprucely on one side of the head, and their loud, clear, ringing note, which Waterton affirms, may be heard at a distance of three miles; the little known *Umbrella-bird*, frequenting the flooded islands of the Rio Negro and of the Solimões, with

its umbrella-like crest, "formed of feathers more than two inches long, very thickly set, and with hairy plumes, curving over at the end—a hemi-ellipsoidal dome, completely covering the head, and even reaching beyond the point of the beak;" the *Boat-bill*, feeding amidst glorious groups of *Victoria Regias*, and the nimble *Jacana*, walking on their leaves, with as sure footing as if treading the solid earth. Then there are *Butterflies*, "the most splendid in the world;" *Bats*, some small as our own, others large as the fabled-winged demons of the old naturalists. Such is the terrific-looking, blood-loving *Vampire-bat*. And *Reptiles* in abundance, varying in size from the small scorpion to the enormous *Anaconda*—the *Sucuruju*, of the natives—which haunts the dense forests that stretch along the banks of the great rivers, measuring sometimes above thirty feet in length, and said, by the enterprising Amazon explorer Wallace, to be able to swallow horses and cattle. Is not Brazil a very paradise for a naturalist?

But the half is not told. Those who wish more information on all these topics, and on many others, we refer to the admirable book now noticed. A book which, notwithstanding its occasional idolatry of Brother Jonathan, we very heartily commend to all our readers.

PRINCE ALBERT of England, has recently, at a military celebration, made a speech which is severely criticised by the English press. The following passages gave especial offence:—

"But, gentlemen, the duty of the British soldier is, unfortunately, not confined to opposing the external enemies of his country. It has been his fate sometimes to stand in arms even against his own countrymen—a mournful task, which, I trust, we shall never see again imposed upon him. In such circumstances the soldier is upheld by the consideration that, while implicitly obeying the commands of his sovereign to whom he has sworn fidelity, he is purchasing for his country by his blood that eternal peace and supremacy of the law which form the only basis of the liberties as well as the prosperity of the nation. This regiment (the Royal Grenadiers) originally sprung from the Royalists who clung to Charles II. during his exile, have always proved true to their sovereign, whether they contended on the field of Sedgemoor in defence of James II., against the Duke of Monmouth, or struggled heroically for five long years in the

cause of George III. against the revolted American provinces."

DR. BUIST has lately communicated to the Geographical Society of Bombay some careful observations on the temperature of the Red Sea, without doubt the warmest body of water of its size on the earth. We are told that exactly in its centre lies a watery region of terrible heat. This seat of high temperature is situated in a tract rich in volcanic indications, and between 14° and 21° north latitude. Even in the winter months the water is seldom less than 80°, reaches 84° in March and April, and in May sometimes attains to 90°. September, however, is the season of greatest warmth, the temperature of both air and water rising in that month above blood-heat. At this time, a person leaning over the bulwarks of a vessel whose deck has been lately cooled by a shower of rain, experiences a feeling like that of holding the head above a kettle of boiling water. In November, 1836, the temperature of the atmosphere being 82°, that of the water between 17° and 23° north latitude on one occasion reached 106°.

PART II.
CHAPTER VII.

"Oh ye, who never knew the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout,
Blush when I tell you how a bird-
A prison, with a friend, preferred,
To liberty without."—COWPER.

HAD Lucilla Sandbrook realized the effect of her note, she would never have dashed it off; but like all heedless people, pain out of her immediate ken was nothing to her.

After the loving hopes raised by the curate's report, and after her own tender and forgiving letter, Honor was pierced to the quick by the scornful levity of those few lines. Of the ingratitude to herself, she thought but little in comparison with the heartless contempt towards Robert, and the miserable light-mindedness that it manifested.

"My poor, poor child!" was all she said, as she saw Phæbe looking with terror at her countenance; "yes, there is an end of it. Let Robert never vex himself about her again."

Phæbe took up the note, read it over and over again, and then said low and gravely, "It is very cruel."

"Poor child, she was born to the Charteris nature, and cannot help it! Like seeks like, and with Paris before her, she can see and feel nothing else."

Phæbe vaguely suspected that there might be a shadow of injustice in this conclusion. She knew that Miss Charlecote imagined Lucilla to be more frivolous than was the case, and surmised that there was more of offended pride than mere levity in the letter. Insight into character is a natural, not an acquired, endowment; and many of poor Honor's troubles had been caused by her deficiency in that which was intuitive to Phæbe, though far from consciously. That perception made her stand thoughtful, wondering whether what the letter betrayed were folly or temper, and whether, like Miss Charlecote, she ought altogether to quench her indignation in contemptuous pity.

"There, my dear," said Honor, recovering herself, after having sat with ashy face and clasped hands for many moments. "It will not bear to be spoken or thought of. Let us go to something else. Only, Phæbe, my child, do not leave her out of your prayers."

Phæbe clung about her neck, kissed and fondled her, and felt her cheeks wet with tears, in the passionate tenderness of the returning caress.

The resolve was kept of not going back to the subject, but Honora went about all day with a soft, tardy step and subdued voice, like one who has stood beside a death-bed.

When Phæbe heard those stricken tones striving to be cheerful, she could not find pardon for the wrong that had not been done to herself. She dreaded telling Robert that no one was coming whom he need avoid, though without dwelling on the tone of the refusal. To her surprise, he heard her short, matter-of-fact communication without any token of anger or of grief, made no remark and if he changed countenance at all, it was to put on an air of gloomy satisfaction, as though another weight even in the most undesirable scale were preferable to any remnant of balancing, and compunction for possible injustice were removed.

Could Lucilla but have seen that face, she would have doubted of her means of reducing him to obedience.

The course he had adopted might indeed be the more excellent way in the end, but at present even his self-devotion was not in such a spirit as to afford much consolation to Honor. If good were to arise out of sorrow, the painful seed-time was not yet over. His looks were stern even to harshness, and his unhappiness seemed disposed to vent itself in doing his work after his own fashion, brooking no interference.

He had taken a lodging over a baker's shop at Turnagain Corner. Honor thought it fair for the locality, and knew something of the people, but to Phæbe it was horror and dismay. The two small rooms, the painted cupboard, the cut paper in the grate, the pictures in yellow gauze, with the flies walking about on them, the round mirror, the pattern of the carpet, and the close, narrow street struck her as absolutely shocking, and she came to Miss Charlecote with tears in her eyes, to entreat her to remonstrate, and tell Robin it was his duty to live like a gentleman.

"My dear," said Honor, rather shocked at a speech so like the ordinary Fulmort mind, "I have no fears of Robert not living like a gentleman."

"I know—not in the real sense," said Phæbe, blushing, "but surely, he ought not to live in this dismal, poky place, with such mean furniture, when he can afford better."

"I am afraid the parish affords few better lodgings, Phæbe, and it is his duty to live where his work lies. You appreciated his self-denial, I thought? Do you not like him to make a sacrifice?"

"I ought!" said Phæbe, her mind taking little pleasure in those acts of self-devotion that were the delight of her friend. "If it be his duty it cannot be helped, but I cannot be happy at leaving him to be uncomfortable—perhaps ill."

Coming down from the romance of martyrdom, which had made her expect Phæbe to be as willing to see her brother bear hardships in the London streets, as she had herself been to dismiss Owen the first to his wigwam, Honor took the more homely view of arguing on the health and quietness of Turnagain Corner, the excellence of the landlady, and the fact that her own Cockney eyes had far less unreasonable expectations than those trained to the luxuries of Beauchamp. But by far the most efficient solace was an expedition for the purchase of various amenities of life, on which Phæbe expended the last of her father's gift. The next morning was spent in great secrecy at the lodgings, where Phæbe was so notable and joyous in her labors, that Honor drew the conclusion that housewifery was her true element, science, art, and literature only acquired, because they had been made her duties, reckoning all the more on the charming order that would rule in Owen Sandbrook's parsonage.

All troubles and disappointments had faded from the young girl's mind, as she gazed round exulting, on the sacred prints on the walls, the delicate statuettes, and well-filled spill-holder and match-box on the mantle-shelf, the solid inkstand and appurtenances upon the handsome table-cover, the comfortable easy-chair, and the bookcases, whose contents had been reduced to order due; and knew that the bedroom bore equal testimony to her skill, while the good landlady gazed in admiration, acknowledging that she hardly knew her own rooms, and promising with all her heart to take care of her lodger.

Alas! when, on the way to the station,

Honor and Phæbe made an unexpected raid to bring some last improvements, Robert was detected in the act of undoing their work, and denuding his room of even its original luxuries. Phæbe spoke not, but her face showed her discomfiture, and Honora attacked him openly.

"I never meant you to know it," he said, looking rather foolish.

"Then to ingratitude you added treachery."

"It is not that I do not feel your kindness—"

"But you are determined not to feel it!"

"No, no! only this is no position for mere luxuries. My fellow-curates—"

"Will use such conveniences of life as come to them naturally," said Honor, who had lived long enough to be afraid of the freaks of asceticism. "Here me, Robert. You are not wise in thrusting aside all that brings home to you all your little sister's love. You think it cannot be forgotten, but it is not well to cast away these daily memorials. I know you have much to make you severe—nay, morose—but if you become so, you will never do your work efficiently. You may repel, but never invite, frighten, but not soothe."

"You want me to think my efficiency dependent on arm-chairs and table-covers."

"I know you will be harder to all for living in needless discomfort, and that you will be gentler to all for constantly meeting tokens of your sister's affection. Had you sought these comforts for yourself, the case would be different; but, Robert, candidly, which of you is the self-pleasing, which the mortified one at this moment?"

Robert could not but look convicted as his eyes fell on the innocent face, with the tears just kept back by strong effort, and the struggling smile of pardon.

"Never mind, Robin," said Phæbe, as she saw his air of vexation: "I know you never meant unkindness. Do as you think right, only pray think of what Miss Charlecote says."

"She has one thing more to say," added Honor. "Do you think that throwing aside Phæbe's little services will make you fitter to go among the little children?"

There was no answer, but a reluctant approach to smile gave Phæbe courage to effect

her restorations, and her whispered "You will not disturb them?" met with an affirmative satisfactory to herself.

Perhaps he felt as of old, when the lady of the Holt had struck him for his cruelty to the mouse, or expelled him for his bad language. The same temper remained, although self-revenge had become the only outlet. He knew what it was that he had taken for devoted self-denial.

"Yes, Robin," were Miss Charlecote's parting words, as she went back to days of her own long past. "Wilful doing right seldom tends to good, above all when it begins by exaggeration of duty."

And Robert was left with thoughts such as perchance might render him a more tractable subordinate for Mr. Parsons, instead of getting into training for the Order of St. Dominic.

Phæbe had to return less joyfully than she had gone forth. Her first bright star of anticipation had faded, and she had partaken deeply of the griefs of the two whom she loved so well. Not only had she to leave the one to his gloomy lodgings in the city, and the toil that was to deaden suffering, but the other must be parted with at the station, to return to the lonely house, where not even old Ponto would meet her—his last hour having, to every one's relief, come in her absence.

Phæbe could not bear the thought of that solitary return, and even at the peril of great disappointment to her sisters, begged to sleep that first night at the Holt, but Honor thanked her, and laughed it off. "No, no! my dear, I am used to be alone, and depend upon it, there will be such an arrear of farm business for me that I should hardly have time to speak to you. You need not be uneasy for me, dear one, there is always relief in having a great deal to do, and I shall know you are near, to come if I want you. There's a great deal in that knowledge, Phæbe."

"If I were of any use—"

"Yes, Phæbe, this visit has made you my friend instead of my playfellow."

Phæbe's deepening color showed her intense gratification.

"And there are the Sundays," added Honor. "I trust Miss Fennimore will let you come to luncheon, and to the second service with me."

"I will try very hard!"

For Phæbe could not help feeling like the canary, who sees his owner's hand held out to catch him after his flight, or the pony who marks his groom at the gate of the paddock. Cage and rein were not grievous, but liberty was over, and free-will began to sink into submission, as the chimneys of home came nearer, even though the anticipation of her sisters' happiness grew more and more on her, and compensated for all.

Shrieks of ecstasy greeted her; she was held fast as though her sisters feared to lose her again, and Miss Fennimore showed absolute warmth of welcome. Foreign tongues were dispensed with, and it was a festival evening of chatter, and display of purchases, presents, and commissions. The evidences of Phæbe's industry were approved. Her abstracts of her reading, her notes of museums and exhibitions, her drawing, needlework, and new pieces of music, exceeded Miss Fennimore's hopes, and appalled her sisters.

"You did all that!" cried Bertha, profiting by Miss Fennimore's absence; "I hope to goodness she won't make it a precedent!"

"Wasn't it very tiresome?" asked Maria.

"Sometimes, but it made me comfortable, as if I had a backbone for my day."

"But didn't you want to feel like a lady?"

"I don't think I felt otherwise, Maria."

"Like a grown-up lady, like mamma and my sisters?"

"Oh, examples!" cried Bertha. "No wonder Maria thinks doing nothing the great thing to grow up for. But, Phæbe, how could you be so stupid as to go and do all this heap? You might as well have stayed at home."

"Miss Fennimore desired me!"

"The very reason why I'd have read stories, and made pictures out of them, just to feel myself beyond her talons."

"Talents, not talons," said Maria. "Cats have talons, people have talents."

"Sometimes both, sometimes neither," observed Bertha. "No explanation, Phæbe, what's the use? I want to know if Owen Sandbrook didn't call you little Miss Precision?"

"Something like it."

"And you went on when he was there?"

"Generally."

"Oh! what opportunities are wasted on

some people. Wouldn't I have had fun! But of course he saw you were a poor little not-come-out thing, and never spoke to you. Oh! if Miss Charlecote would ask me to London!"

"And me!" chimed in Maria.

"Well, what would you do?"

"Not act like a goose, and bring home dry abstracts. I'd make Miss Charlecote take me everywhere, and quite forget all my science, unless I wanted to amaze some wonderful genius. Oh, dear! wot I make Augusta look foolish some of these days? She really thinks that steel attracts lightning! Do you think Miss Charlecote's society will appreciate me, Phæbe?"

"And me?" again asked Maria.

Phæbe laughed heartily, but did not like Bertha's scoffing mirth at Maria's question. Glad as she was to be at home, her glimpse of the outer world had so enlarged her perceptions, that she could not help remarking the unchildlike acuteness of the younger girl, and the obtuse comprehension of the elder; and she feared that she had become discontented and fault-finding after her visit.

At nine, when she rose as usual to wish good-night, Miss Fennimore told her that she need not for the future retire before ten, the hour to which she had of late become accustomed. It was a great boon, especially as she was assured that the additional hour should be at her own disposal.

"You have shown that you can be trusted with your time, my dear. But not to-night," as Phæbe was turning to her desk; "remember how long I have suffered a famine of conversation. What! were you not sensible of your own value in that respect?"

"I thought you instructed me, I did not know you conversed with me."

"There's a difference between one susceptible of instruction, and any thing so flippant and volatile as Bertha," said Miss Fennimore, smiling. "And poor Maria!"

"She is so good and kind! If she could only see a few things, and people, and learn to talk!"

"Silence and unobtrusiveness are the only useful lessons for her, poor girl!" then observing Phæbe's bewildered looks, "My dear, I was forced to speak to Bertha because she was growing jealous of Maria's exemptions; but you, who have been constantly shielding and supplying her defi-

ciencies, you do not tell me that you were not aware of them?"

"I always knew she was not clever," said Phæbe; her looks of alarmed surprise puzzling Miss Fennimore, who in all her philosophy had never dreamt of the intuitive sagacity and watchful instinct of affection.

"I could not have thought it," she said.

"Thought what? Pray tell me! Oh, what is the matter with poor Maria?"

"Then, my dear, you really had never perceived that poor Maria is not—has not the usual amount of capacity—that she cannot be treated as otherwise than deficient."

"Does mamma know it?" faintly asked Phæbe, tears slowly filling her eyes.

Miss Fennimore paused, inwardly rating Mrs. Fulmort's powers little above those of her daughter. "I am not sure," she said; "your sister Juliana certainly does, and in spite of the present pain, I believe it is best that your eyes should be opened."

"That I may take care of her."

"Yes; you can do much in developing her faculties, as well as in sheltering her from being thrust into positions to which she would be unequal. You do so already. Though her weakness was apparent to me the first week I was in the house, yet owing to your kind guardianship, I never perceived its extent till you were absent. I could not have imagined so much tact and vigilance could have been unconscious. Nay, dear child, it is no cause for tears. Her life may perhaps be happier than that of many of more complete intellect."

"I ought not to cry," owned Phæbe, the tears quietly flowing all the time. "Such people cannot do wrong in the same way as we can."

"Ah! Phæbe, till we come to the infinite, how shall the finite pronounce what is wrong."

Phæbe did not understand, but she felt that she was not in Miss Charlecote's atmosphere, and from the heavenly, "from him to whom little is given, little will be required," came to the earthly, and said imploring, "and you will never be hard on her again!"

"I trust I have not been hard on her. I shall task her less, and only endeavor to give her habits of quiet occupation, and make her manners retiring. It was this relaxation of discipline, together with Bertha's

sad habit of teasing, which was intolerable in your absence, that induced me to explain to her the state of the case."

"How shocked she must have been!"

"Not quite as you were. Her first remark was that it was as if she were next in age to you."

"She is not old enough to understand."

The governess shook her head. "Nay, when I found her teasing again, she told me it was a psychological experiment. Little monkey, she laid hold of some books of mine, and will never rest till she has come to some conclusion as to what is wanting in Maria."

"Too young to feel what it means," repeated Phæbe.

She was no great acquisition as a companion, for she neither spoke nor stirred, so that the governess would have thought her drowsy but for the uprightness of the straight back, and the steady fold of the fingers on the knee. Much as Miss Fennimore detested the sight of inaction, she respected the reverie consequent on the blow she had given. It was a refreshing contrast with Bertha's levity; and she meditated why her system had made the one sister only accurate and methodical, while the other seemed to be losing heart in mind, and becoming hard and shrewd.

There was a fresh element in Phæbe's life. The native respect for "the innocent" had sprung up within her, and her spirit seemed to expand into protecting wings with which to hover over her sister as a charge peculiarly her own. Here was the new impulse needed to help her when subsiding into the monotony and task-work of the schoolroom, and to occupy her in the stead of the more exciting hopes and fears that she had par-taken in London.

Miss Fennimore wisely relaxed her rules over Phæbe, since she had shown that liberty was regarded as no motive for idleness; so though the maiden still scrupulously accomplished a considerable amount of study she was allowed to portion it out as suited her inclination, and was no longer forbidden to interrupt herself for the sake of her sisters. It was infinite comfort to be no longer obliged to deafen her ears to the piteous whine of fretful incapacity, and to witness the sullen heaviness of faculties overtaken, and temper goaded into torpor. The fact

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once faced, the result was relief, Maria was spared and considered, and Phæbe found the governess much kinder, not only to her sister but to herself. Absence had taught the value of the elder pupil, and friendly terms of equality were beginning to be established.

Phæbe's freedom did not include solitary walks, and on week days she seldom saw Miss Charlecote, and then only to hear natural history, the only moderately safe ground between the two elder ladies. What was natural science with the one, was natural history with the other. One went deep in systems and classifications, and thrust Linnæus into the dark ages; the other had observed, collected, and drawn specimens with the enthusiasm of a Londoner for the country, till she had a valuable little museum of her own gathering, and was a handbook for the county curiosities. Star, bird, flower, and insect, were more than resources, they were the friends of her lonely life, and awoke many a keen feeling of interest, many an aspiration of admiring adoration that carried her through her dreary hours. And though Miss Fennimore thought her science puerile, her credulity extensive, and her observations inaccurate, yet she deemed even this lady-like dabbling worthy of respect as an element of rational pleasure and self-training, and tried to make Bertha respect it, and abstain from inundating Miss Charlecote with sesquipedalian names for systems and families, and above all, from her principal delight, setting the two ladies together by the ears, by appealing to her governess to support her abuse of Linnæus as an old "dictionary maker," or for some bold, geological theory that poor Honor was utterly unprepared to swallow.

Bertha was somewhat like the wren, who, rising on the eagle's head, thought itself the monarch of the birds, but Honor was by no means convinced that she was not merely blindfolded on the back of Clavileno Aligero. There was neither love nor admiration wasted between Honor and Miss Fennimore, and Phæbe preferred their being apart. She enjoyed her Sunday afternoons, short enough, for school must not be neglected, but Honor shyly acceded to Phæbe's entreaty to be allowed to sit by her class and learn by her teaching.

It was an effort. Honor shrank from exposing her own misty metaphors, hesitating

repetitions, and trivial queries to so clear a head, trained in distinct reasoning, but it was the very teaching that the squire's daughter most desired, and she treasured up every hint, afterwards pursuing the subject with a resolution to complete the chain of evidence, and asking questions sometimes rather perplexing to Honor, accustomed as she was to take every thing for granted. Out came authorities, and Honor found herself examining into the grounds of her own half-knowledge, gaining fresh ideas, correcting old ones, and obtaining subjects of interest for many an hour after her young friend had left her.

While, at home, Phæbe, after running the gauntlet of Bertha's diversion at her putting herself to school, when Scripture lessons were long ago done with, would delight Maria with long, murmuring discourses, often stories about the scholars, but always conveying some point of religious instruction. It was a subject to which Maria was less impervious than to any other; she readily learned to croon over the simple hymns that Phæbe brought home, and when once a Scripture story had found entrance to her mind, would beg to have it marked in her Bible, and recur to it frequently.

Miss Fennimore left her entirely to Phæbe at these times, keeping Bertha from molesting her by sarcastic queries, or by remarks on the sing-song hymns, such as made Phæbe sometimes suspect that Maria's love for these topics rendered them the more distasteful to the younger girl. She tried to keep them as much sheltered as possible, but was still sometimes disconcerted by Bertha's mischievous laugh, or by finding Miss Fennimore's eyes fixed in attention.

Phæbe's last hour on these evenings was spent in laying up her new lore in her diligently kept note-book, weighing it and endeavoring to range it in logical sequence, which she had been duly trained to consider the test of reasoning. If she sometimes became bewildered, and detected insufficient premises for true conclusions, if she could not think allegory or analogy the evidence it was made at the Sunday school, and which Miss Charlecote esteemed as absolute proof, her sound heart and loving faith always decided her that she should discover the link in time; and the doctrine had too strong a hold on her convictions and affections for

her to doubt that the chain of argument existed, though she had not yet found it. It was not the work for which so young a head was intended, and perhaps it was well that she was interrupted by the arrival at home of the heads of the family.

Augusta and her husband were to spend the winter abroad; Juliana had met some friends, whom she had accompanied to their home, and though she had exacted that Phæbe should not come out, yet the eldest daughter at home was necessarily brought somewhat forward. Phæbe was summoned to the family meals, and went out driving with her mother, or riding with her father, but was at other times in the schoolroom, where indeed she was the most happy.

The life down-stairs was new to her, and she had not been trained to the talk there expected of her. The one event of her life, her visit to London, gave evident dissatisfaction. There were growls whenever Robert was mentioned, and Phæbe found that though permission had been given for his taking the curacy, it had been without understanding his true intentions with regard to Whittingtonia. Something had evidently passed between him and his father and brother, while on their way through London, which had caused them to regard him as likely to be a thorn in their side; and Phæbe could not but fear that he would meet them in no spirit of conciliation, would rather prefer a little persecution, and would lean to the side of pastoral rather than filial duty, whenever they might clash. Even if he should refrain from speaking his full mind to his father, he was likely to use no precautions with his brother, and Phæbe was uneasy whenever either went up for their weekly visits of inspection at the office.

Her mother gently complained. "Honora Charlecote's doing, I suppose. He should have considered more! Such a wretched place, no genteel family near! Your papa would never let me go near it. But he must buy an excellent living soon, where no one will know his connection with the trade."

The only sympathy Phæbe met with at home on Robert's ordination, was in an unexpected quarter. "Then your brother has kept his resolution," said Miss Fennimore. "Under his reserve there is the temper that formed the active ascetics of the middle ages. His doctrine has a strong mediæval tinge,

and with sufficient strength of purpose, may lead to the like results."

When Phæbe proudly told Miss Charle-cote of this remark, they agreed that it was a valuable testimony, both to the doctrines and the results. Honor had had a letter from Robert, that made her feel by force of contrast that Owen was more than three years from a like conception of clerical duty.

The storm came at last. By order of the Court of Chancery, there was put up for sale a dreary section of Whittingtonia, in dire decay, and remote from civilization. The firm of Fulmort and Son had long had their eyes on it, as an eligible spot for a palace for the supply of their commodity; and what was their rage when their agent was out-bidden, and the tenements knocked down to an unknown customer for a fancy price! After much alarm lest a rival distiller should be invading their territory, their wrath came to a height when it finally appeared that the new owner of the six ruinous houses in Cicely Row was no other than the Reverend Robert Mervyn Fulmort, with the purpose of building a church and schools for Whittingtonia at his own expense.

Mervyn came home furious. High words had passed between the brothers, and his report of them so inflamed Mr. Fulmort, that he inveighed violently against the malice and treachery that scrupled not to undermine a father. Never speaking to Robert again, casting him off, and exposing the vicar for upholding filial insolence and undutifulness, were the mildest of his threats. They seemed to imagine that Robert was making this outlay, supposing that he would yet be made equal in fortune by his father to the others, and there was constant repetition that he was to expect not a farthing—he had had his share, and should have no more. There was only a scoff at Phæbe's innocence, when she expressed her certainty that he looked for no compensation, knowing that he had been provided for, and was to have nothing from his father; and Phæbe trembled under such abuse of her favorite brother, till she could bear it no longer, and seizing the moment of Mervyn's absence, she came up to her father, and said, in as coaxing a tone as she could, "Papa, should not every one work to the utmost in his trade?"

"What of that, little one?"

"Then pray don't be angry with Robert

for acting up to his," said Phæbe, clasping her hands, and resting them fondly on his shoulder.

"Act up to a fool's head! Parsons should mind their business, and not fly in their fathers' faces."

"Isn't their work to make people good?" continued Phæbe, with an unconscious will-ness, looking more simple than her wont.

"Let him begin with himself then! Learn his duty to his father! A jackanapes, trying to damage my business under my very nose."

"If those poor people are in such need of having good done to them—"

"Scum of the earth! Much use trying to do good to them!"

"Ah! but if it be his work to try? and if he wanted a place to build a school—"

"You're in league with him, I suppose."

"No, papa! It surprised me very much. Even Mr. Parsons knew nothing of his plans. Robert only wrote to me when it was done, that now he hoped to save a few of the children that are turned out in the streets to steal."

"Steal! They'll steal all his property! A proper fool your uncle was to leave it all to a lad like that. The sure way to spoil him! I could have trebled all your fortunes if that capital had been in my hands, and now to see him throw it to the dogs! Phæbe, I can't stand it. Conscience? I hate such coxcombs! As if men would not make beasts of themselves whether his worship were in the business or not."

"Yes!" ventured Phæbe, "but at least he has no part in their doing so."

"Much you know about it," said her father, again shielding himself with his newspaper, but so much less angrily than she had dared to expect, that even while flushed and trembling, she felt grateful to him as more placable than Mervyn. She knew not the power of her own sweet face and gently honest manner, nor of the novelty of an attentive daughter.

When the neighbors remarked on Mrs. Fulmort's improved looks and spirits, and wondered whether they were the effect of the Rhine or of "getting off" her eldest daughter, they knew not how many fewer dull hours she had to spend. Phæbe visited her in her bedroom, talked at luncheon, amused her drives, coaxed her into the garden, read

to her when she rested before dinner, and sang to her afterwards. Phæbe likewise brought her sister's attainments more into notice, though at the expense of Bertha's contempt for mamma's preference for Maria's staring fuschias and feeble singing, above her own bold chalks from models and scientific music, and indignation at Phæbe's constantly bringing Maria forward rather than her own clever self.

Droning narratives, long drawn out, had as much charm for Mrs. Fulmort as for Maria. If she did not always listen, she liked the voice, and she sometimes awoke into descriptions of the dresses, parties, and acquaintance of her youth, before trifling had sunk into dreary insipidity under the weight of too much wealth, too little health, and "nothing to do."

"My dear," she said, "I am glad you are not out. Quiet evenings are so good for my nerves; but you are a fine girl, and will soon want society."

"Not at all, mamma; I like being at home with you."

"No, my dear! I shall like to take you out and see you dressed. You must have advantages, or how are you to marry?"

"There's no hurry," said Phæbe, smiling.

"Yes, my dear, girls always get soured if they do not marry!"

"Not Miss Charlecote, mamma."

"Ah! but Honor Charlecote was an heiress, and could have had plenty of offers. Don't talk of not marrying, Phæbe, I beg."

"No," said Phæbe, gravely. "I should like to marry some one very good and wise, who could help me out of all my difficulties."

"Bless me, Phæbe! I hope you did not meet any poor curate at that place of Honor Charlecote's. Your papa would never consent."

"I never met anybody, mamma," said Phæbe, smiling. "I was only thinking what he should be like."

"Well, what?" said Mrs. Fulmort, with girlish curiosity. "Not that it's any use settling. I always thought I would marry a marquis' younger son, because it is such a pretty title, and that he should play on the guitar. But he must not be an officer, Phæbe, we have had trouble enough about that."

"I don't know what he is to be, mamma," said Phæbe, earnestly, "except that he should be as sensible as Miss Fennimore, and as good as Miss Charlecote. Perhaps a man could put both into one, and then he could lead me, and always show me the reason of what is right."

"Phæbe, Phæbe! you will never get married if you wait for a philosopher. Your papa would never like a very clever genius or an author."

"I don't want him to be a genius, but he must be wise."

"O my dear! That comes of the way young ladies are brought up. What would the Miss Berrilees have said, where I was at school at Bath, if one of their young ladies had talked of wanting to marry a wise man?"

Phæbe gave a faint smile, and said, "What was Mr. Charlecote like, mamma, whose brass was put up the day Robert was locked into the church?"

"Humfrey Charlecote, my dear? The dearest, most good-hearted man that ever lived. Everybody liked him. There was no one that did not feel as if they had lost a brother when he was taken off in that sudden way."

"And was not he very wise, mamma?"

"Bless me, Phæbe, what could have put that into your head? Humfrey Charlecote a wise man? He was just a common, old-fashioned, hearty country squire. It was only that he was so friendly and kind-hearted that made every one trust him, and ask his advice."

"I should like to have known him," said Phæbe, with a sigh.

"Ah, if you married any one like that! But there's no use waiting? There's nobody left like him, and I won't have you an old maid! You are prettier than either of your sisters—more like me when I came away from Miss Berrilees, and had a gold-sprigged muslin for the Assize Ball and Humfrey Charlecote danced with me!"

Phæbe fell into speculations on the wisdom whose counsel all asked, and which had left such an impression of affectionate honor. She would gladly lean on such an one, but if no one of the like mould remained, she thought she could never bear the responsibilities of marriage.

Meantime, she erected Humfrey Charle-

cote's image into a species of judge, laying before this vision of a wise man all her perplexities between Miss Charlecote's religion and Miss Fennimore's reason, and all her practical doubts between Robert's conflicting duties. Strangely enough the question, What would Mr. Charlecote have thought? often aided her to cast the balance. Though it was still Phæbe who decided, it was Phæbe drawn out of herself, and strengthened by her mask.

With vivid interest, such as for a living man would have amounted to love, she seized and hoarded each particle of intelligence that she could gain respecting the object of her admiration. Honora herself, though far more naturally enthusiastic, had with her dreamy nature and diffused raptures, never been capable of thus reverencing him, nor of the intensity of feeling of one whose restrained imagination and unromantic education gave force to all her sensations. Yet this deep individual regard was a more wholesome tribute than Honor had ever paid to him, or to her other idol, for to Phæbe it was a step, lifting her to things above and beyond, a guide on the road, never a vision obscuring the true object.

Six weeks had quietly passed, when, like a domestic thunderbolt, came Juliana's notification of her intention to return home at the end of a week. Mrs. Fulmort, clinging to her single thread of comfort, hoped that Phæbe might still be allowed to come to her boudoir, but the gentlemen more boldly declared that they wanted Phæbe, and would not have her driven back into the school-room, to which the mother only replied with fears that Juliana would be in a dreadful temper, whereon Mervyn responded, "Let her! Never mind her, Phæbe. Stick up for yourself, and we'll put her down."

Except for knowing that she was useful to her mother, Phæbe would thankfully have retired into the west wing rather than have given umbrage. Mervyn's partisanship was particularly alarming, and, endeavor as she might to hope that Juliana would be amiable enough to be disarmed by her own humility and unobtrusiveness, she lived under the impression of disagreeables impending.

One morning at breakfast, Mr. Fulmort, after grumbling out his wonder at Juliana's writing to him, suddenly changed his tone

into, "Hollo!—what's this? My engagement—"

"By Jove!" shouted Mervyn; "too good to be true. So she's done it. I didn't think he'd been such an ass, having had one escape."

"Who?" continued Mr. Fulmort, puzzling, as he held the letter far off—"engagement to dear—dear Devil, does she say?"

"The only fit match," muttered Mervyn, laughing. "No, no, sir! Bevil—Sir Bevil Acton."

"What! not the fellow that gave us so much trouble! He had not a sixpence; but she must please herself now."

"You don't mean that you didn't know what she went with the Merrivales for?—five thousand a year and a baronetcy, eh?"

"The deuce! If I had known that, he might have had her long ago."

"It's quite recent," said Mervyn. "A mere chance; and he has been knocking about in the colonies these ten years—might have cut his wisdom teeth."

"Ten years—not half-a-dozen!" said Mr. Fulmort.

"Ten!" reiterated Mervyn. "It was just before I went to old Raymond's. Acton took me to dine at the mess. He was a nice fellow then, and deserved better luck."

"Ten years' constancy!" said Phæbe, who had been looking from one to the other in wonder, trying to collect intelligence. "Do tell me."

"Whew!" whistled Mervyn. "Juliana hadn't her sharp nose nor her sharp tongue when first she came out. Acton was quartered at Elverslope, and got smitten. She flirted with him all the winter, but I fancy she didn't give you much trouble when he came to the point, eh, sir?"

"I thought him an impudent young dog for thinking of a girl of her prospects, but if he had this to look to!—I was sorry for him too! Ten years ago," mused Mr. Fulmort.

"And she has liked no one since?"

"Or no one has liked her, which comes to the same," said Mervyn. "The regiment went to the Cape, and there was an end of it, till we fell in with the Merivales on board the steamer, and they mentioned their neighbor, Sir Bevil Acton, come into his property, and been settled near them a year or two. Fine sport it was, to see Juliana angling for

an invitation, brushing up her friendship with Minnie Merivale—amiable to the last degree! My stars! what work she must have had to play good temper all these six weeks, and how we shall have to pay for it!”

“Or Acton will,” said Mr. Fulmort, with a hearty chuckle of triumphant good-humor.

Was it a misfortune to Phæbe to have been so much refined by education as to be grated on by the vulgar tone of those nearest to her? It was well for her that she could still put it aside as their way, even while following her own instinct. Mervyn and Juliana had been on cat and dog terms all their lives; he was certain to sneer at all that concerned her, and Phæbe reserved her belief that an attachment, nipped in the bud, was ready to blossom in sunshine. She ran up with the news to her mother.

“Juliana going to be married! Well, my dear, you may be introduced at once! How comfortable you and I shall be in the little brougham.”

Phæbe begged to be told what the intended was like.

“Let me see—was he the one that won the steeplechase? No, that was the one that Augusta liked. We knew so many young men, that I never could tell which was which, and your sisters were always talking about them till it quite ran through my poor head, such merry girls as they were!”

“And poor Juliana never was so merry after he was gone?”

“I don’t remember,” replied this careful mother; “but you know she never could have meant any thing, for he had nothing, and you with your fortunes are a match for anybody! Phæbe, my dear, we must go to London next spring, and you shall marry a nobleman. I must see you a titled lady as well as your sisters.”

“I’ve no objection, provided he is my wise man,” said Phæbe.

Juliana had found the means of making herself welcome, and her marriage a cause of unmixt jubilation in her family. Prosperity made her affable, and instead of suppressing Phæbe, she made her useful, and treated her as a confidante, telling her of all the previous intimacy, and all the secret sufferings in dear Bevil’s absence, but passing lightly over the last happy meeting, which Phæbe respected as too sacred to be talked of.

The little maiden’s hopes of a perfect

brother in the constant knight rose high, and his appearance and demeanor did not disappoint them. He had a fine soldierly figure, and that air of a thorough gentleman which Phæbe’s Holt experience had taught her to appreciate; his manners were peculiarly gentle and kind, especially to Mrs. Fulmort, and Phæbe did not like him the less for showing traces of the effects of wounds and climate, and a grave, subdued air, almost amounting to melancholy. But before he had been three days at Beauchamp, Juliana made a virulent attack on the privileges of her younger sisters. Perhaps it was the consequence of poor Maria’s volunteer to Sir Bevil—“I am glad Juliana is going with you, for now no one will be cross to me;” but it seemed to verify the poor girl’s words that she should be hunted like a strange cat if she were found beyond her own precincts, and that the other two should be treated much in the same manner. Bertha stood up for her rights, declaring that what mamma and Miss Fennimore allowed, she would not give up for Juliana, but the only result was an admonition to the governess, and a fierce remonstrance to the poor, meek mother. Phæbe, who only wished to retire from the stage in peace, had a more difficult part to play.

“What’s the matter now?” demanded Mervyn, making his way up to her as she sat in a remote corner of the drawing-room in the evening. “Why were you not at dinner?”

“There was no room, I believe.”

“Nonsense! our table dines eight-and-twenty, and there were not twenty.”

“That was a large party, and you know I am not out.”

“You don’t look like it in that long-sleeved white affair, and nothing on your head either. Where are those ivy leaves you had yesterday—real, weren’t they?”

“They were not liked.”

“Not liked! they were the prettiest things I have seen for a long time. Acton said they made you look like a nymph—the green suits that shiny light hair of yours, and makes you like a picture.”

“Yes, they made me look forward and affected.”

“Now who told you that? Has the Fennimore got to her old tricks?”

“Oh, no, no!”

“I see! a jealous toad! I heard him tell-

ing her that you reminded him of her in old times. The spiteful vixen! well, Phæbe, if you cut her out, I bargain for board and lodging at Acton Manor. This will be no place for a quiet, meek soul like me!"

Phæbe tried to laugh, but looked distressed, uncomprehending, and far from wishing to comprehend. She could not escape, for Mervyn had penned her up, and went on. "You don't pretend that you don't see how it is! that unlucky fellow is heartily sick of his bargain, but you see he was too soft to withstand her throwing herself right at his head, and doing 'the worm in the bud,' and the cruel father, green and yellow melancholy, etc., ever since they were inhumanly parted."

"For shame, Mervyn. You don't really believe it is all out of honor."

"I should never have believed a man of his years could be so green; but some men get crotchets about honor in the army, especially if they get elderly there."

"It is very noble, if it be right, and he can take those vows from his heart," moralized Phæbe. "But, no, Mervyn, she cannot think so. No woman could take any one on such terms."

"Wouldn't she, though?" sneered her brother. "She'd have him, if grim death were hanging on his other hand. People aren't particular, when they get nigh upon their third ten."

"Don't tell me such things! I don't believe them; but they ought never to be suggested."

"You ought to thank me for teaching you knowledge of the world."

He was called off, but heavy at her heart lay the text, "The knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom."

Mervyn's confidences were serious troubles to Phæbe. Gratifying as it was to be singled out by his favor, it was distressing to be the repository of what she knew ought never to have been spoken, prompted by a coarse tone of mind, and couched in language that though he meant it to be restrained, sometimes seemed to her like the hobgoblins' whispers to Christian. Oh! how unlike her other brother! Robert had troubles, Mervyn grievances, and she saw which was the worst to bear. It was a pleasing novelty to find a patient listener, and he used it to the utmost, while she often doubted whether to hear

without remonstrance were not undutiful, yet found opposition rather increased the evil by the storm of ill-temper that it provoked.

This last communication was dreadful to her, yet she could not but feel that it might be a wholesome warning to avoid giving offence to the jealousy, which, when once pointed out to her, she could not prevent herself from tracing in Juliana's petulance towards herself, and resolve to force her into the background. Even Bertha was more often brought forward, for in spite of a tongue and temper cast somewhat in a similar mould, she was rather a favorite with Juliana, whom she was not unlikely to resemble, except that her much more elaborate and accurate training might give her both more power and self-control.

As Mervyn insinuated, Juliana was prudent in not lengthening out the engagement, and the marriage was fixed for Christmas week, but it was not to take place at Hiltonbury. Sir Bevil was bashful, and dreaded county festivities, and Juliana wished to escape from Maria as a bridesmaid, so they preferred the privacy of a hotel and a London church. Phæbe could not decently be excluded, and her heart leapt with hope of seeing Robert, though so unwelcome was his name in the family that she could not make out on what terms he stood, whether proscribed, or only disapproved, and while sure that he would strive to be with her, she foresaw that the pleasure would be at the cost of much pain. Owen Sandbrook was spending his vacation at the Holt, and Miss Charlecote looked so bright as she walked to church leaning on his arm, that Phæbe had no regrets in leaving her. Indeed, the damsel greatly preferred the Holt in his absence. She did not understand his discursive comments on all things in art and nature, and he was in a mood of flighty, fitful spirits, which perplexed her alike by their wild, satirical mirth, and their mournful sentiment. She thought Miss Charlecote was worried and perplexed at times by his tone; but there was no doubt of his affection and attention for his "Sweet Honey," and Phæbe rejoiced that her own absence should be at so opportune a moment.

Sir Bevil went to make his preparations at home, whence he was to come and join the Fulmorts the day after their arrival in town. Mrs. Fulmort was dragged out in the

morning, and deposited at Farrance's in time for luncheon, a few moments before a compact little brougham set down Lady Bannerman, jollier than ever in velvet and sable, and more scientific in cutlets and pale ale. Her good-nature was full blown. She was ready to chaperon her sisters anywhere, invited the party to the Christmas dinner, and undertook the grand *soirée* after the wedding. She proposed to take Juliana at once out shopping, only lamenting that there was no room for Phæbe, and so universally benevolent, that in the absence of the bride elect, Phæbe ventured to ask whether she saw any thing of Robert.

"Robert? Yes, he called when we first came to town, and we asked him to dinner; but he said it was fast-day, and you know Sir Nicholas would never encourage that sort of thing."

"How was he?"

"He looked odder than ever, and so ill and cadaverous. No wonder! poking himself up in such a horrid place, where one can't notice him."

"Did he seem in tolerable spirits?"

"I don't know. He always was silent and glum; and now he seems wrapt up in nothing but ragged schools and those disgusting city missions. I'm sure we can't subscribe, so expensive as it is living in town. Imagine, mamma, what we are giving our cook!"

Juliana returned, and the two sisters went out, leaving Phæbe to extract entertainment for her mother from the scenes passing in the street.

Presently a gentleman's handsome cabriolet and distinguished looking horse were affording food for her description, when to her surprise, Sir Bevil emerged from it, and presently entered the room. He had come intending to take out his betrothed, and in her absence, transferred the offer to her sister. Phæbe demurred, on more accounts than she could mention, but her mother remembering what a drive in a stylish equipage with a military baronet would once have been to herself, overruled her objections, and hurried her away to prepare. She quickly returned, a cheery spectacle in her russet brown and scarlet neck-tie, the robin red-breast's livery which she loved.

"Your cheeks should be a refreshing sight to the Londoners, Phæbe," said Sir

Bevil, with his rare, but most pleasant smile. "Where shall we go? You don't seem much to care for the Park. I'm at your service wherever you like to go." And as Phæbe hesitated, with cheeks trebly beneficial to the Londoners, he kindly added, "Well, what is it? Never mind what! I'm open to any thing—even Madame Tuffaud's."

"If I might go to see Robert. Augusta said he was looking ill."

"My dear!" interposed her mother, "you can't think of it. Such a dreadful place, and such a distance!"

"It is only a little way beyond St. Paul's, and there are no bad streets, dear mamma. I have been there with Miss Charlecote. But if it be too far, or you don't like driving into the city, never mind," she continued, turning to Sir Bevil, "I ought to have said nothing about it."

But Sir Bevil, reading the ardor of the wish in the honest face, pronounced the expedition an excellent idea, and carried her off with her eyes as round and sparkling as those of the children going to Christmas parties. He stole glances at her as if her fresh, innocent looks were an absolute treat to him, and when he talked it was of Robert in his boyhood. "I remember him at twelve years old, a sturdy young ruffian, with an excellent notion of standing up for himself."

Phæbe listened with delight to some characteristic anecdotes of Robert's youth, and wondered whether he would be appreciated now. She did not think that Sir Bevil held the same opinions as Robert or Miss Charlecote; he was an upright, high-minded soldier, with honor and subordination his chief religion, and not likely to enter into Robert's peculiarities. She was in some difficulty when she was asked whether her brother were not under some cloud, or had not been taking a line of his own—a gentler form of inquiry, which she could answer with the simple truth.

"Yes, he would not take a share in the business, because he thought it promoted evil, and he felt it right to do parish work at St. Wulstan's, because our profits chiefly come from thence. It does not please at home, because they think he could have done better for himself, and he sometimes is obliged to interfere with Mervyn's plans."

Sir Bevil made the less answer because they were in the full current of London traf-

fic, and his proud chestnut was snuffing the hat of an omnibus cab. Careful driving was needed, and Phæbe was praised for never even looking frightened, then again for her organ of locality and the skilful pilotage with which she unerringly and unhesitatingly found the way through the Whittingtonian labyrinths; and as the disgusted tiger pealed at the knocker at Turnagain Corner, she was told she would be a useful guide in the South African bush. "At home," was the welcome reply, and in another second, her arms were round Robert's neck. There was a thorough brotherly greeting between him and Sir Bevil, each saw in the other a man to be respected, and Robert could not but be grateful to the man who brought him Phæbe.

Her eyes were on the alert to judge how he had been using himself in the last half-year. He looked thin, yet that might be owing to his clerical coat, and some of his rural ruddiness was gone, but there was no want of health of form or face, only the sparseness and vigor of thorough working condition. His expression was still grave even to sadness, and sternness seemed gathering round his thin lips. Heavy of heart he doubtless was still, but she was struck by the absence of the undefined restlessness that had for years been habitual to both brothers, and which had lately so increased on Mervyn, that there was a relief in watching a face free from it, and telling not indeed of happiness, but of a mind made up to do without it.

She supposed that his room ought to satisfy her, for though untidy in female eyes, it did not betray ultra self-neglect. The fire was brisk, there was a respectable luncheon on the table, and he had even treated himself to the *Guardian*, some new books, and a beautiful photograph of a foreign cathedral. The room was littered with half-unrolled plans, which had to be cleared before the guests could find seats, and he had evidently been beguiling his luncheon with the perusal of some large MS., red-taped together at the upper corner.

"That's handsome," said Sir Bevil. "What is it for? A school, or almshouses?"

"Something of both," said Robert his color rising. "We want a place for disposing of the destitute children that swarm in this district."

"Oh, show me!" cried Phæbe. "Is it to be at that place in Cicely Row?"

"I hope so."

The stiff sheets were unrolled, the designs explained. There was to be a range of buildings round a court, consisting of day-schools, a home for orphans, a *crèche* for infants, a reading-room for adults, and apartments for the clergy of the church which was to form one side of the quadrangle. Sir Bevil was much interested, and made useful criticisms. "But," he objected, "what is the use of building new churches in the city, when there is no filling those you have?"

"St. Wulstan's is better filled than formerly," said Robert. "The pew system is the chief enemy there; but even without that, it would not hold a tenth part of the Whittingtonian population, would they come to it, which they will not. The church must come to them, and with special services at their own times. They need an absolute mission, on entirely different terms from the Woolstone quarter."

"And are you about to head the mission?"

"To endeavor to take a share in it."

"And who is to be at the cost of this?" pursued Sir Bevil. "Have you a subscription list?"

Robert colored again as he answered, "Why, no, we can do without that so far."

Phæbe understood, and her face must have revealed the truth to Sir Bevil, for laying his hand on Robert's arm, he said, "My good fellow, you don't mean that you are answerable for all this?"

"You know I have something of my own."

"You will not leave much of it at this rate. How about the endowment?"

"I shall live upon the endowment."

"Have you considered? You will be tied to this place forever."

"That is one of my objects," replied Robert, and in reply to a look of astonished interrogation, "myself and all that is mine would be far too little to atone for a fraction of the evil we are every day perpetrating here."

"I should hate the business myself," said the baronet; "but don't you see it in a strong light?"

"Every hour I spend here shows me that I do not see it strongly enough."

And there followed some appalling in-

stances of the effects of the multiplicity of gin-palaces, things that it wellnigh broke Robert's heart to witness, absorbed as he was in the novelty of his work, fresh in feeling, and never able to divest himself of a sense of being a sharer in the guilt and ruin.

Sir Bevil listened at first with interest, then tried to lead away from the subject; but it was Robert's single idea, and he kept them to it till their departure, when Phæbe's first words were, as they drove from the door, "Oh, thank you, you don't know how much happier you have made me."

Her companion smiled, saying, "I need not ask which is the favorite brother."

"Mervyn is very kind to me," quickly answered Phæbe.

"But Robert is the oracle! eh?" he said, kindly and merrily.

"Robert has been every thing to us younger ones," she answered. "I am still more glad that you like him."

His grave face not responding as she expected, she feared that he had been bored, thought Robert righteous overmuch, or disapproved his opinions; but his answer was worth having when it came. "I know nothing about his views, I never looked into the subject, but when I see a young man giving up a lucrative prospect for conscience' sake, and devoting himself to work in that sink of iniquity, I see there must be something in him. I can't judge if he goes about it in a wrong-headed way, but I should be proud of such a fellow instead of discarding him."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Phæbe, with ecstasy that made him laugh, and quite differently from the made-up laughter she had been used to hear from him.

"What are you thanking me for?" he said. "I do not imagine that I shall be able to serve him. I'll talk to your father about him, but he must be the best judge of the discipline of his own family."

"I was not thinking of your doing any thing," said Phæbe; "but a kind word about Robert does make me very grateful."

There was a long silence, only diversified by an astonished nod from Mervyn driving back from the office. Just before setting her down, Sir Bevil said, "I wonder whether your brother would let us give something to his church. Will you find out what it shall be, and let me know? As a gift from Juliana and myself—you understand."

It was lucky for Phæbe that she had brought home a good stock of satisfaction to support her, for she found herself in the direst disgrace, and her mother too much cowed to venture on more than a feeble, self-defensive murmur that she had told Phæbe it would never do. Convinced in her own conscience that she had done nothing blameworthy, Phæbe knew that it was the shortest way not to defend herself, and the storm was blowing over when Mervyn came in, charmed to mortify Juliana by compliments to Phæbe on "doing it stylishly, careering in Acton's turn-out," but when the elder sister explained where she had been, Mervyn too deserted her, and turned away with a fierce imprecation on his brother, such as was misery to Phæbe's ears. He was sourly ill-humored all the evening; Juliana wreaked her displeasure on Sir Bevil in ungraciousness, and such silence and gloom descended on him, that he was like another man from him who had smiled on Phæbe in the afternoon.

Yet, though dismayed at the offence she had given, and grieved at these evidences of Robert's ill-odor with his family, Phæbe could not regret having seized her single chance of seeing Robert's dwelling for herself, nor the having made him known to Sir Bevil. The one had made her satisfied, the other hopeful, even while she recollected with foreboding that truth sometimes comes not with peace, but with a sword, to set at variance parent and child, and make foes of them of the same household.

Juliana never forgave that drive. She continued bitter towards Phæbe, and kept such a watch over her and Sir Bevil, that the jealous surveillance became palpable to both. Sir Bevil really wanted to tell Phæbe the unsatisfactory result of his pleading for Robert, she wanted to tell him of Robert's gratitude for his offered gift, but the exchange of any words in private was out of their power, and each silently felt that it was best to make no move towards one another, till the unworthy jealousy should have died away.

Though Sir Bevil had elicited nothing but abuse of "pig-headed folly," his espousal of the young clergyman's cause was not without effect. Robert was not treated with more open disfavor than he had often previously endured, and was free to visit the

party at Farrance's, if he chose to run the risk of encountering his father's blunt coldness, Mervyn's sulky dislike, and Juliana's sharp satire, but as he generally came so as to find his mother and Phœbe alone, some precious moments compensated for the various disagreeables. Nor did these affect him nearly as much as they did his sister. It was, in fact, one of his remaining unwholesome symptoms that he rather enjoyed persecution, and took no pains to avoid giving offence. If he meant to be uncompromising, he sometimes was simply provoking, and Phœbe feared that Sir Bevil thought him an unpromising *protégé*.

He was asked to the Christmas dinner at the Bannermans', and did not fulfil Augusta's prediction that he would say it was a fast-day, and refuse. That evening gave Phœbe her best *tête-à-tête* with him, but she observed that all was about Whittingtonia, not one word of the past summer, not so much as an inquiry for Miss Charlecoate. Evidently that page in his history was closed forever, and if he should carry out his designs in their present form, a wife at the intended institution would be an impossibility. How near the dearest may be to one another, and yet how little can they guess at what they would most desire to know!

Sir Bevil had insisted on his being asked to perform the ceremony, and she longed to understand whether his refusal were really on the score of his being a deacon, or if he had any further motive. His own family were affronted, though glad to be left free to request the services of the greatest dignitary

of their acquaintance, and Sir Bevil's blunt "No, no, poor fellow! say no more about it," made her suppose that he suspected that Robert's vehemence in his parish was meant to work off a disappointment.

It was a dreary wedding, in spite of London grandeur. In all her success, Juliana could not help looking pinched and ill at ease, her wreath and veil hardening instead of softening her features, and her bridegroom's studious cheerfulness and forced laughs became him less than his usual silent dejection. The admiral was useful in getting up stock wedding wit, but Phœbe wondered how any one could laugh at it; and her fellow-bridesmaids, all her seniors, seemed to her, as perhaps she seemed to them, like thoughtless children, playing with the surface of things. She pitied Sir Bevil, and saw little chance of happiness for either, yet heard only congratulations, and had to be bright, busy, and helpful under a broad, stiff, white watered silk scarf, beneath which Juliana had endeavored to extinguish her, but in which her tall, rounded shape looked to great advantage. Indeed, that young, rosy face, and the innocently pensive, wondering eyes were so sweet, that the bride had to endure hearing admiration of her sister from all quarters, and the Acton bridesmaids whispered rather like those at Netherby Hall.

It was over, and Phœbe was the reigning Miss Fulmort. Her friends were delighted for her and for themselves, and her mother entered on the full enjoyment of the little brougham.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Winona* (Minnesota) *Republican* writes that Mr. A. L. Jenks of that place, who is prospecting in one of those mounds which are so common in that country, recently discovered at the depth of five or six feet, the remains of seven or eight people of very large size. One thigh bone measured three feet in length. The under jaw was one inch wider than that of any other man in this city. He also found clam shells, pieces of ivory or bone rings, pieces of kettles made of earth and coarse sand. There were at the neck of one of these skeletons teeth two inches in length by one-half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, with holes drilled into the sides, and the end polished, with a crease around it. Also, an arrow, five

inches long by one and a half wide, stuck through the back, near the back-bone; and one about eight inches long stuck into the left breast. Also, the blade of a copper hatchet, one and a half inches wide at the edge and two inches long. This hatchet was found stuck in the skull of the same skeleton. The mound is some two hundred feet above the surface of the Mississippi, and is composed of clay immediately above the remains, two feet thick; then comes a layer of black loam; then another layer of clay six inches thick, all so closely packed that it was with difficulty that it could be penetrated. There are some four or five different layers of earth above the remains. There is no such clay found elsewhere in the vicinity.

From The Literary Gazette.

RATIONAL MEDICINE.*

WE fear that there are very few members of the medical profession who possess the same amount of moral courage as Dr. Stephen Ward, who, in his oration delivered before the members of the Hunterian Society, was bold and straightforward enough to give a clear, manly, and lucid description of his views on the subject of rational medicine. We agree most fully in his opinion that a conviction of the large powers of nature, and the comparatively limited powers of art, in the cure of disease, is daily gaining ground. To use his own expressions—"Many able and experienced practitioners have such convictions, which they express, perhaps, in an undertone to some confidential medical friend, but which they think it premature or impolitic openly to avow." "Look what a handle you give to quackery if you admit all this," some medical men will remark. To which my answer has been, "What a handle has *already* been given to it by insisting on the importance of drugs, where they are but little, if at all, efficacious."

It is, however, satisfactory to know that in the rank of the few open-spoken professors of the healing art, there exists such an undoubted authority as Sir J. Forbes. In retiring from professional life, he gave a sketch of his lengthened experience, and his views resulting from it, "Nature and art in the cure of disease." He shows that the ignorance of the natural history of disease, and of the powers of nature, has led the public to place undue confidence in art, as practised by educated medical men, which confidence, when disappointed, has merged into every species of charlatantry. He cites instances in which diseases of various kinds have had a satisfactory termination without any special treatment, but he does not, on the other hand, fail to describe the beneficial results of special treatment in certain forms of disease. Dr. Ward does not cast any slur upon science, neither does he attempt to underrate the value of the microscope or laboratory. "Under the term *medicine*," he says, "I embrace its different branches, and the art as well as the science; and I call that *rational medicine* which has its foundation laid in a recognition of nature's resources in disease as well as in health; which feels that its object is science, not mystery; which, for its advancement, has recourse to philosophical appliances and methods of investigation; which acknowledges no means but such as are adequate to

* *Rational Medicine: its Position and Prospects.* By Stephen H. Ward, M.D., London, M.R.C.P. London: Churchill.

ends; which holds hypotheses upon uncertain tenure, ready to relinquish them as fresh compelling facts flow in; and which, eminently eclectic, avails itself of what is good in all systems, and is yet slave to none!" This is a broad, enlarged view, worthy of a thinker and a worker; there is no globule enthusiasm, no hydropathic rhapsody, and though hygienic conditions are insisted upon, there is no attempt to deny that "there are many cases which modified hygienic arrangements will not meet, without the rational co-operation of special medicine." In that portion of the oration referring for the microscope, an acknowledgment is offered to the services it has rendered. Before its use, the anatomy of the tissues was unknown. In the capillary action of the blood, demonstrated by Malpighi; the law of cell development elaborated by Schwann and Schleiden, embracing all organic life; in the diagnosis of certain skin diseases, renal and vesical affections of blood, and the detection of impurities in food and drugs—the microscope has ample justice done to its value. But can there be a doubt of "the school of young medicine" devoting too much time to its excessive study? This class of students scarcely acquire any knowledge of the physiognomy of disease, and in our own experience they become inferior practitioners. Chemistry, again, as we have said, is admitted by Dr. Ward to be a most valuable ally of physiology. This hobby also is over-ridden; and so imperfect is it, even in its extended and increasing discoveries, that it fails in its utility to combat with all phases of disease. One theory, moreover, is often controverted by another. That of Liebig, for instance, on the nutrition of particular foods, once so plausible, is now no longer considered conclusive. "Advanced physiologists, and indeed chemists also, have adduced against the Liebig theory the facts that what nourishes one man is poison to another, that nitrogenous foods alone are inadequate to the purposes of nourishment, while food containing a very large proportion of non-nitrogenous material does nourish." Chemical dealers with disease too frequently forget vital action. The importance of this belief is ably brought forward by Dr. Ward, who judiciously quotes the author of "The Physiology of Common Life," to bear him out in his opinion. "Vital processes depend on chemical processes, but are not themselves chemical, and therefore cannot be explained by chemistry. There is something special in vital phenomena which necessarily transcends chemical investigation." The philosophic poet warns us:—
"From higher judgment-seats make no appeal to low."

Dr. Paris long since protested against the fashion of examining and deciding upon the action of drugs by a mere mechanical investigation of their composition. The author of this oration holds his consultations with "nature, the wise physician," acting himself as the servant of nature, "nature's minister," to second her efforts and carry out her indications. In so doing, ample scope will be found for the exercise of the faculties, to employ chemical aid where required, and to avoid special drugging when it is not requisite. Dr. Ward quotes Sydenham most appositely on this point, "I often think that we forget the good rule *festina lente*, that we move more quickly than we ought to do; and that more could be left to nature than we are at present in the habit of leaving to her. To imagine that she always wants the aid of art is an error, and an unlearned one too. If it were so, she would have provided for the human race less than its preservation demands." The quacks of former days, in their bills descriptive of their nostrums, generally used the expression, "with God's blessing," in the performance of a cure. These curers could lay no greater claim to it than Virgil's Iapis in the curing of Æneas, who tried his skill, was very assiduous about the wound, and indeed was the only visible means that relieved the hero. The poet, however, assures us that it was the particular assistance of a deity that speeded the

operation. Dryden in his translation concludes:—

"Iapis first perceived the closing wound,
And first the footsteps of a god he found:
'Arms, arms!' he cries, 'the sword and
shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renewed, to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.'"

We, of course, only deprecate a principle of undue interference, in the use of this quotation. The light of surgery stands out in striking contrast to the darkness of medicine. Dr. Ward urges the necessity of relying more than we do on the restorative powers inherent in our constitutions, from the ignorance of which "has arisen and been maintained among practitioners of the orthodox school, that system of polypharmacy which has weakened their position in regard to remedies where they are undeniably beneficial, and detracted from the credit, which has ever been justly their due, of having been alive to the importance in the treatment of disease of modified hygienic measures." There is much valuable matter in this oration. Dr. Stephen Ward is not a half-educated man; he is fully competent to test the value of all scientific means to be employed in the treatment of disease; but his common sense tells him how much may, and how much may not, be done to bring about its alleviation.

THE committee appointed to inquire how far and in what way it may be desirable to find increased space for the extension and arrangement of the various collections of the British Museum, and also as to the best means of rendering them available for the promotion of science and art, met on 5 June. Mr. Panizzi, the principal librarian to the Museum, was the first witness examined. He stated that since the year 1848, various plans for increasing the accommodation had been considered. In every department, except those for books and MSS., there was a want of space. At present there was, according to the calculations which had been made, space for eight hundred thousand volumes, but he believed room could be found for one million volumes, and that the room would be sufficient for about fifty years, according to the number of volumes at present annually received. The only mode of providing additional space for the various collections, was by economizing the existing

accommodation, diminishing the number of articles, purchasing land contiguous to the Museum, or removing some of the collections elsewhere. In many cases the objects were too much crowded together, mixed up almost indiscriminately, and difficult of access. Mr. Panizzi then entered into a variety of details relative to the various departments, for the purpose of showing the impossibility of providing sufficient accommodation in the present building.

THE antiquities of London are fast disappearing. Among the old houses in Church Court, Inner Temple Lane, Fleet Street, in course of demolition, is No. 3, the house in which Goldsmith died. A memorial inscribed with his name and the date of his birth and death has been placed over his remains in the adjoining churchyard. A bust of the poet and a tablet to his memory adorn the little vestry of the beautiful Temple Church.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
ALL'S WELL.

THE long night-watch is over; fresh and chill
Comes in the air of morn; he slumbers still.
Each hour more calm his labored breathings
grew.

"O God! may he awaken free from ill;
May this supreme repose dear life renew!"
She rose and to the casement came,
The curtain drew, and blank, gray morn
Looked pitiless on eyes grief-worn,
On the dying lamp's red, flickering flame,
And, slowly through the wavering gloom
Searching out the shaded room,
Fell on a form—the pillow'd head
So motionless, supinely laid.
Oh, was it death, or trance, or sleep,
Had power his sense thus locked to keep?
She turned, that woman wan and mild;
She gazed through tears, yet hope-beguiled;
He was her son, her first-born child,—
Ah, hush! she may not weep.

Many a night, with patient eye,
Had she watched him—sight of woe!
Fever-chained, unconscious lie;
Many a day passed heavily,
Since met, in glad expectancy
Round the cheerful hearth below,
Young and old, a goodly show,
To welcome from the wondrous main,
Their wanderer home returned again.
The father's careful brow unbent,
The mother happily intent
That nothing should be left undone
To greet him best; the youngest one
In childish, bright bewilderment,
Longed, curious, to look upon
Her own, strange sailor brother sent
Afar, before she could remember;
While elder sons and daughters thought
What change in the playmate unforgotten
Time and foreign skies had wrought.
Could he be like that fair-haired boy,
With curly hair of golden hue,
And merry twinkling eye of blue,
Whose tones were musical with joy?
For he had sailed all round the world,
In China's seas our flag unfurled,
On Borneo's coast with pirates fought,
From famed spice-islands treasure brought,
Had been where the Upas grew!

But the long June day was closing fast,
And yet he did not come;
And anxious looks and murmurs passed.
Some gazed without, sat listless some;
Down the hill-side, across the vale,
Night-mists are rising, sweeps the gale;
But naught can we see through the gloom;
When, hark! a step at the wicket-gate,
And the brothers rushed out with call and shout.
Welcome, at last, though late!
And round him hurriedly they press,
And bring him in to the warm-lit room,
To his mother's fond caress.

"But how is this? dear son, thy lips are pale;
And thy brow burneth, and thy speech doth
fail.

Hath some sore sickness thus thy frame op-
pressed,
Or sinkest thou for want of food and rest?"
"All's well—I am at home; but make my bed
soon,
For I am weary, mother, and fain would lay me
down."

Even while he spake, he tottered, fell;
The heavy lid reluctantly
Shrouded the glazing, love-strained eye.
They tenderly raised him; who may tell,
What anguish theirs? That smothered cry!
They bore him up the narrow stair;
They laid him on his bed with care;
On snowy pillow,—flower-besrent
(Ah! for lighter slumber meant).
They knew some pestilential blight
Lurked in his blood with deadly might,
And they trembled for the morrow.
Thus in the smitten house that night,
All joy was changed to sorrow.

Yea, swift and near, the fever-fiend
Had dogged the mariner's homeward way.
One ocean south, one ocean north,
The ship from red Lymoon sailed forth,
But fast in her hold the dark curse lay;
In vain blew the cool west wind.
Week after week, he now, in vain,
Had breathed his pleasant native air;
For still with restless, burning brain,
He seemed to toss on a fiery main,
'Neath a sky of copper glare.
Under his window a sweetbrier grew,
And fragrance his boyhood full well knew,
In at the open lattice flung;
The thrush in his own old pear-tree sung.
Young voices from the distance borne,
Or mower's scythe at dewy morn,
Cock's shrill crowing, all around
Sweet, familiar scent or sound,
None could bring his spirit peace;
None from wandering dreams release.
He heard an angry surf still thunder,
Crashing planks beneath him sunder,
Tumults that, ever changing, never cease.

"Look, look! what glides and glitters in the
brake?
Is it a panther, or green-crested snake?
Ah! cursed Malay—I see his cruel eye;
His hissing arrows pierce me? Must I lie,
Weltering in torture on this hell-hot brine;
Not one cool drop my parching throat to slake?
Jesu have mercy! what a fate is mine!"

Yet ever his mother's yearning gaze,
Saintly sad, was on him dwelling;
Could it not penetrate the haze
Of fantasy, and, frenzy-quelling
In heart and brain, soft-healing flow?
His sister came with noiseless tread,
And, bending o'er the sufferer's bed,
Lightly laid her smooth, cold palm
Upon the throbbing brow;
And with the touch a gradual calm
Stole quietly, diffusing slow
Sleep's anguish-soothing balm.
Pain's iron links, a little while

Relaxing, let his spirit rove
In vision some Atlantic isle,
Where waved the tall Areca palm;
Fresh breezes fanned, and gushing rills
Murmured, as in green English grove
They, winding, deepen from the hills.
And momentary smiled, perchance,
Dear faces thro' the shadowy trance,
His unclosed eye saw not, though near;
Dear voices reached the spell-bound ear,
His waking sense had failed to hear.
Only a little space—too soon
The fiery scourge from slumber burst,
Swept like the tyrannous typhoon,
Gathering new rage, the last the worst;
Till the pulse ebbed low, and life
Shrank wasted from the strife.

At length a dreamless stupor deep
Fell on him, liker death than sleep.
At eve the grave physician said:
"No more availeth human aid;
Nature will thus his powers restore,
Or else he sleeps to wake no more."
Alone his mother watched all night,
In silent agony of prayer.
When dimly gleamed the dawning light,
She thought, "Its ghastly, spectral stare
Makes his hue so ashen white."
But, when broadening day shone bright,
Froze to despair her shivering dread.
None who have seen that leaden mask
Over loved features grayly spread,
"Whose superscription this?" need ask.
Soft she unclosed the door, and said,
"Come," in whisper hoarse and low;
And silently they came,
One by one, the same
Who had joyous met by the hearth below,
Only three short weeks ago.
They looked, "Is it life, or death?"
She beckoned them in, and, with hushed breath
Standing around, they saw dismayed
That living soul already laid
The shadow of the grave beneath.

Kneeling beside his hope, his pride,
Felled in youth's prime, his sea-worn son,
Aloud the reverend father cried:
"Submissive Lord, we bow; Thy will be done;
Yet grant some token ere my child depart,
Thy love hath over dwelt within his heart,
And through the vale of darkness safe will guide."
"Amen, amen," in faltering response sighed
Mother and children, watchers woo-begone.
Oh, mournful vigils, lingering long!
Oh, agonies of hope, that wrong
Solemn prayer for swift release,
And the soul's eternal peace!
Now holy calm, now wild desire
With sick suspense alternate tire,
Till very consciousness must cease.
Faint the reluctant hours expire;
The mind flows back; as in a dream
Trivial imaginations stream
Over the blank of grief,
Bringing no relief.

Haply some sudden sound without—
A sheep-dog's bark, or schoolboy's shout,

Or careless whistler passing near—
May, unaware, pierce the dull ear,
And feeble, mystic wonder wake,
And straight the web of fancy break;
The awful presence over all
Hovering unseen a brooding pall.
"Oh, look! what change is there? can hope re-
vive?"

Lift his head gently, give him air——"
——As drive
Strong winds through a thunder-cloud, and
shear

Athwart, on either side, its blackness,
Sweeping the empyrean clear;
So, from the stony visage rent,
Instantaneously withdrew
The heaviness, the livid hue;
And the inward spirit shining through,
Serene, ethereal brightness lent.
His eyes unclosed; their gaze intent
No narrow, stifling limits saw,
No aspects blanched by love and awe—
Far, far on the eternal bent.
Hark! from his lips the seamen's cheer,
Sudden, deep-thrilling, did they hear,
"Land ahead!" The words of welcome rose;
Then he sank back in isolate repose.

What land? Oh, say, thou tempest-tost!
Whither hath thy worn bark drifted,
Seest thou thine own dear native coast—
Vision by strong desire uplifted—
Britain's white cliffs afar appearing;
Or art thou not, full surely, nearing
That unknown strand, that furthest shore,
Whence wanderer never saileth more?
But hush! again he speaks with steadfast tone,
"Let go the anchor." Now, the port is won.
O happy mariner! at last,
Ocean storms and perils past,
Past treacherous rock and shelving shoal,
And the ravening breakers' roll,
Securely moored in haven blest,
Thy weary soul hath found its rest,
Touching now the golden strand!
Before thee lies the promised land,
To thy raptured eyes revealed
(Eyes on earth forever sealed).
Eternity's reflected splendor
Transfigureth the hollow brow
And the shattered hull must render,
Landed, the free spirit now.
Wayfarers we, on a homeless sea,
Bid thee not return, delay;
But oh! one word of parting say!

Sweet, solemn, full, those final accents fell,
Pledge of undying peace: he spake, "All's
well."

Yea, all is well; that last adieu
Opened Paradise to view;
While, on tremulous passing sigh,
The happy spirit floated by.
O'er mourning hearts in anguish hushed,
Effluence ecstatic gushed;
They saw heaven's gates of pearl unfold
Paven courts of purest gold,
The glorious city on a height
Lost in distances of light;

Heard angelic harpings sweet,
 Voices jubilant, that greet
 New-comers through the floods of death ;
 Felt softly blow a passing breath
 Celestial, the winnowings
 Viewless of ethereal wings.
 This could not last for mortal strain,
 Transport sinking down to pain ;
 Yet a refulgent glimpse of heaven,
 Never by cloud or storm-blast riven,
 Ray from love divine, shall dwell
 On all who heard that last farewell.
 Sweet, faint echoes, never dying,
 Of far homes immortal tell,
 Where sorrows cease, and tears and sighing ;
 Still whispering : " All is well, is well."

H. L.

THE CITY OF EXTREMITY.

THERE is a place, a dreadful place,
 Where all things go at whirlwind's pace ;
 We call it, for its piteous case,
 The City of Extremity !

Two millions swelter darkly there,
 Beset with toil and want and care,
 And many herd with black Despair,
 In the City of Extremity !

Each man his neighbor screws and racks,
 Each sinew pays its utmost tax,
 And human nature strains and cracks,
 In the City of Extremity !

Horse nature, too, as sorely worn,
 Tears, chafes, and grinds, both night and morn ;
 O God, the sufferings dumbly borne
 In the City of Extremity !

Miles off, you see the smoke arise
 Of these two millions' sacrifice,
 And hear the roaring agonies
 Of the City of Extremity !

God kindly gave the fruitful earth
 For all who draw from it their birth ;
 But 'tis a gift of doubtful worth
 In the City of Extremity !

There labor is a deadly fight,
 From which, at best, you snatch a bite—
 And you may starve in thousands' sight,
 In the City of Extremity !

Men hate the unchristian work they do,
 And would a better course pursue,
 Did fancied Fate not bind them to
 The City of Extremity !

They loathe the place they do it in,
 Plunged, amid dirt and smoke and din,
 Polluted air, disease, and sin,
 In the City of Extremity !

They fly from both when fly they can,
 As neither being fit for man—
 As if just Heaven had laid its ban
 On the City of Extremity !

O dear-loved friends, do not forget,
 The world has true and good things yet,
 Though all is base and counterfeit
 In the City of Extremity !

Still, still the larks at heaven's gate sing,
 Still flowers beside the streamlet spring,
 Unlike their ghastly blossoming
 In the City of Extremity !

There healthful work and honest gain
 Keep young and old in cheerful strain,
 Unlike the harrowing hurricane
 Of the City of Extremity !

Come forth, then from this frightful town,
 And let its monstrous size die down,
 Ere a new deluge come to drown
 The City of Extremity !

—Chambers's Journal.

THE TWO LAMENTS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

OVER a new-filled grave a maiden tender,
 Planted with tears and prayer a poplar slender,
 " Grow, grow, fair tree," she said,
 " Lift to the stars thy head,
 Where dwells unseen my love ;
 Rise, ever rise above !

" Let every branch aspire,
 As do my arms, mine eyes,
 Till with my soul's desire,
 Thy summit, mounting higher,
 Be hidden in the skies.
 O poplar ! on this dear mound ever show
 A faithful emblem of my love and woe."

Over a new-made grave a lover bending,
 A willow planted, every leaf down-tending,
 " Droop low to weep," he said,
 " Above my blue-eyed maid :
 Sad tree, still earthward bow,
 As doth my spirit now.

" Droop till thy verdant tresses
 The hallowed cold turf sweep,
 Mingling their light caresses
 With these my fond lip presses,
 Where my beloved doth sleep.
 O willow ! on this dear mound shalt thou grow,
 A faithful emblem of my love and woe."

H. L.

—Englishwoman's Journal.